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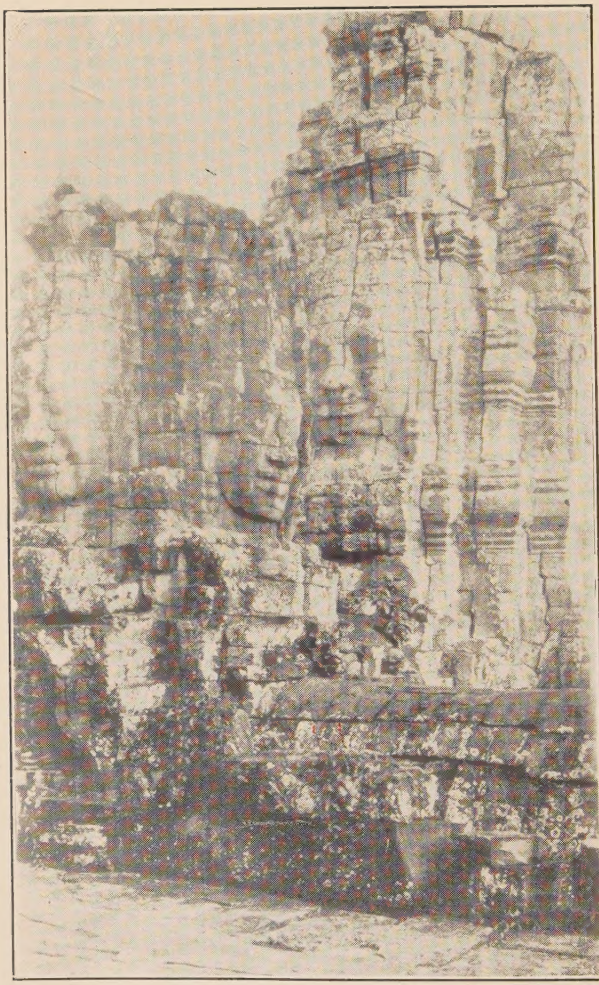

Stone Faces of Brahma on Temple Towers,
Angkor, Cambodia.

The GREEN GODS

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JOSEPHINE HOPE WESTERVELT

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2949

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This book is lovingly dedicated
to the Christian youth
of our land.

UNITED THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY

EVANGELICAL
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PREFACE

THE Christian and Missionary Alliance has a mission work in Indo China, which field they practically hold alone. This work is being wonderfully used of the Lord in bringing souls to a knowledge of Christ.

Rev. D. J. Fant, Rev. A. C. Snead and Miss A. M. French, of the Christian and Missionary Alliance, have very materially contributed to the preparation of this book.

It is my aim in writing my missionary stories to help the Christian youth of our land to see the great privilege of soul saving open to them in the untouched regions in heathen lands, and to give their lives to this service which is so rich in its rewards here and now. It brings richer compensations than any other work for the dear Lord.

JOSEPHINE HOPE WESTERVELT.

JOY OF AN HOUR

The stern withholding of happiness great,
  In a nature that's good and sound,
Creates a flood of wonderful power,
  When a higher outlet is found.

A channel of force and efficiency
  Breaks forth with its pent up power,
Proving God's best and most precious gift
  Is not the joy of an hour.

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CHAPTER I

DAVID'S GIRL

"HOME, to the dearest girl in all the world," exclaimed a tall, lithe young man leaning over the railing of the upper deck of the steamer. For six years David DeMott had been a voluntary exile in Europe, but at last he was nearing New York and the joy of home-coming had melted the reserve about his heart as it does many another, and he felt he must confide in someone or else he would explode.

"Tell me about her," said the motherly woman at his side, who by her sweet womanliness had attracted the homesick youth during the days of the Atlantic trip. He held in his hand the picture of a sweet girlish face, fresh and clear as a spring landscape, but newly drenched in dew.

"To tell of Mary Lois, I must first tell you of Aunt Molly. When I was sixteen I was left an orphan and Uncle Dick Arnold was appointed my guardian by my father's will. He and Aunt Molly welcomed me into their beautiful home and family life and I had my first taste of heaven. My mother died when I was too small to remember and I spent most of my life at boarding schools. I didn't know what a home was like until I lived with my

guardian during my long vacations from school.

"There were three little girls in that home and more lovable children I have never seen. It has taken me years to realize what a beautiful home-life those children had and what a rare mother. Aunt Molly and my mother had been friends from childhood and so had Uncle Dick and my father. That is why Uncle Dick, as I had always called him, had been appointed my guardian.

"You remind me of Aunt Molly. She had a sweet dignity that made familiarities unthinkable and her little girls had the same sweet reserve and, as I remember them, were totally different from many of the girls one sees today.

"The whole family treated me as one of them, and I learned to love them as I had never loved anyone in my lonely, starved life. When I enlisted in the army just after graduating from college it was one of the hardest things I ever did to leave the only home I had ever known and to leave Aunt Molly and the girls.

"Aunt Molly kissed me good-bye, and her kisses were very rarely given. Little Alice, just ten, called out excitedly, 'Oh, mother, may we kiss Davy too?'

"Strange as it may seem, the girls had never kissed me. Good comrades and friends we had always been, but they had that sweet, shy reserve that permitted no familiarities.

" 'Yes, you will each one want to kiss Davy good-

bye, for this is a very special occasion. He is going so far away and we do not know when he will return,' said Aunt Molly.

" 'Oh, but mother, Davy oughtn't to leave us when he has just come back to us,' said Alice, and it sounded sweet to my ears; for going off to war isn't the jolliest kind of a trip.

" 'But Davy must go where duty calls him, the same as you and I must do. We mustn't make him feel badly. We must think how proud we will be of Davy.' I could see Aunt Molly was trying to cheer us all up, as we were all near to tears. 'Two years will pass quickly and we will have him back again.'

" 'But, mother, two years is a long, long time,' said Mary Lois, just fourteen years old. I was surprised to see her lips trembling and the tears gathering for, of the three girls, Mary Lois was the quietest and the least likely to show her feeling. I was struck with a kind of pleased amazement that she cared for me that much.

" 'Two years will last forever, mother,' said little Alice, and she began to sob. She threw her arms about my neck and quickly kissed me and ran from the room. Then Genevieve, sixteen, and quite grown up, gave me a cool little kiss and stepped aside for Mary Lois.

" 'Mother, may I tell Davy a secret?' shyly asked Mary Lois as she stood by me.

" 'Yes, little dreamer, tell him a secret if you wish,' smiled Aunt Molly.

"You see it is all as clear to me as if it were yesterday, and yet for eight years I have been away and have not seen them.

"Mary Lois reached up as I stooped toward her and put her dear little hands on my cheeks and whispered in my ear, 'I'll always keep on loving you Davy and will be waiting for you to come back.' I was so surprised that I clasped her in my arms and kissed her again and again. She burst into frightened tears and ran from the room. I was ashamed of myself.

" 'I am so sorry, Aunt Molly, but they are all so dear and precious to me now that I must leave you,' I stammered.

"Aunt Molly smiled. 'She is just a child, Davy, and they are all sorry to have you go.'

"I had to hurry away, but through all the intervening years Mary Lois's sweet face and dear secret have been like a talisman to me, that made cheap love sickening and formed a barrier around me. My associaties nicknamed me 'The Invulnerable One,' but all the time I hid in my heart the love of the sweetest, dearest, purest girl in all the world."

"And now," said my steamer friend, "you are going to claim her as your bride?"

"I hope so," said David DeMott. "We are not engaged. I have never said one word to her about love, I have never written her a personal letter, be-

cause I knew Aunt Molly would not like it. But Mary Lois graduated from college a year ago last June and since then I have been traveling from one place to another closing up the different commissions I had on hand so that I could come back to my native land and win her heart and hand if humanly possible to do so.

"I haven't had a letter from home for ten months. I haven't been in one place long enough to have my mail addressed to me, so I imagine I shall have a bunch of mail following me home. I am so eager to see them all, I just had to talk. Isn't she the sweetest girl you ever saw?" asked David.

"Wonderfully sweet, and a wonderful character too, if I mistake not. But you will have to win her. She will remember her childish confidence and because of it will likely seem further off than ever. You will have to win her, but I think she will be worth the winning," said his companion.

Events moved so quickly, as the steamer drew up the river, that David was soon busy with the necessary details of landing after his long absence. He passed through the customs and was on his way to Newark, where the Arnold home was located.

Aunt Molly was the only one home when he finally reached there. He had telegraphed them of his expected arrival. She was glad to see him and looked so good to him. She was a little older and grayer, but had a settled, happy peace upon her face.

"It is so good to have you back, Davy," she said

as she kissed him. "Uncle Dick will be here soon. He would have met you at the steamer if there had been time after the arrival of your telegram, but there wasn't."

Even while they were speaking Mr. Arnold came in and there was nothing lacking in his welcoming back his ward. "It's great Davy, to have you back again. You're looking fine," he said.

They began to ask him of his journey and where he had been and why they hadn't heard from him, and all the time he was expecting to see three girls coming in to greet him soon, but no word was said about them. His heart grew heavy. Finally he could wait no longer.

"The girls, Aunt Molly. Are they not home?" he questioned. Aunt Molly turned to him with a face strangely calm. "No, Davy, none of the girls are home, although I know they would gladly have been here to welcome you had it been possible. You waited too long to find the girls at home. Genevieve was married six months ago. Alice is in college and Mary Lois—"

"Yes, Aunt Molly. Mary Lois?" and his voice was husky with feeling and his eyes betrayed his intense interest.

"Mary Lois was a dreamer as you know. She was always thinking of beautiful things she wanted to do for people and she was so willing to sacrifice her all to help someone else. Even as a child she loved Jesus in an unusual and intense way, and so

when she finished college—Davy, you mustn't look that way. Mary Lois is well and happy, but she is not here. She is in Indo China," finished Mrs. Arnold.

"Indo China! Aunt Molly, what can you mean?" asked David huskily. His Uncle Dick left the room.

"Yes, Indo China, Davy," said Mrs. Arnold. "Mary Lois went to Indo China as a missionary within a month after graduating from college. She seems so happy in her work. We miss her terribly. We felt at first she was carrying her religion too far, but we felt we did not dare to stand in the way of her doing as she felt God wanted her to do and now we are becoming more reconciled. She is doing a wonderful work."

"But, Aunt Molly, that little innocent child out among those filthy heathen people? How could you let her go?" He stormed, not realizing he was showing the pain of his heart.

"She is a child no longer, Davy. She is a woman grown and has a very capable, consecrated character and is devoted to her work. Her religion meant more to her than it did to some of the rest of us and her going has made more real to me the joy in the Lord," said Mrs. Arnold.

"Joy nothing! She promised to wait for me Aunt Molly. She told me she loved me, and for all these years I have held her in my heart. Her love has kept me clean and straight, and now she is gone," blustered David.

"I thought it must have been something like that, Davy. But Mary Lois never told me her secret. There was a time when I wanted you back more than I can tell. I wrote you pleading with you to come back, thinking you would be able to persuade her to stay home, for I felt that you were her 'Prince Charming,' and that only your coming would keep her home. My letter must have gone astray. It would have done no good, I now think, for Mary Lois felt so sure God was calling her to tell the heathen about Jesus that I think even a great love would not have held her home."

"A great love. Aunt Molly, do you think she loved me?" almost whispered David.

"If Mary Lois loved you, Davy, it would be with a great love. As I said before she never told me she did. She was only a child when she said it and all I can say is that so deep is her love for God that I think even a great love would not have kept her home."

"But, Aunt Molly, I can't give her up. It isn't right. She's so wonderful and sweet. She should have nothing to do with dirty, filthy heathen people. You don't know how vile some of them can be or you never could have let her go," said David getting more and more worked up. "She is too good and pure for work like that. I mean to go and bring her back."

"I know how you feel, Davy. We felt that way for a while, but I can see now how unworthy such

a feeling is. She didn't go out alone among those terrible heathen. She is with others as devoted as she, but best of all she is with her Heavenly Father, and she seems to walk and talk with Him continually, and as I said before, Davy, her going has brought me to a deeper knowledge of God and His wonderful grace so that I can understand at last her sacred calling as she sees it. You say she is too good for God's service—but, Davy, don't let this hurt you for you will see my meaning better if I state it this way—yet you want her for yourself. Are you better than God? That is the way we had to look at it. God is more to her than anything else and she chose to give her life in telling others about the Good News of salvation through Jesus Christ and a life 'hid with Christ in God,'" explained Mrs. Arnold.

"Oh, Aunt Molly, that sounds like fanaticism to me. Can you not see I am broken up? I must have Mary Lois. I am going after her and I am going to bring her back. You won't say I shall not, will you?" David fairly glowered at Aunt Molly.

"No, Davy, I will not say anything one way or the other now, but I want you to take time to think it over and then talk with Uncle Dick, and what he decides will be all right with me."

HE IS COMING

In one blessed, gladsome moment,
  In the twinkling of an eye,
Christ shall come to take His children
  With Him to His home on high.

Just this hour or just this moment
  May that blessed rapture bring;
I may hear the shout of Jesus,
  I may join my glorious King.

As today I do my duties
  I may leave my earthly place,
Be caught up to join the ransomed,
  Look upon my Saviour's face.

Or tonight, as I lie sleeping,
  Safe in Christ, I know no fear,
For His blest abiding Spirit
  Makes me know His presence near.

Oh, the hope of His blest coming
  Tunes my heart His praise to sing,
While I listen, listen, listen,
  For the coming of my King.

CHAPTER II

A CLOUD OF SMOKE

MR. AND MRS. ARNOLD talked long and earnestly that night about David and Mary Lois, so that when David had his talk with Uncle Dick he was forced to see the justice in their position.

"David, Molly and I are willing you shall go to Indo China and see Mary Lois. We do not wish you to go as her lover. Remember she has not seen you for years. She was but a child. You may feel differently when you see her. Go on some business, as magazine correspondent or something like that. In fact, one of my editor friends told me confidentially yesterday of wanting a man for that particular field to write up those old ruins so full of historical interest there. I thought of you at once and think I can get you the appointment. But if you go, promise Molly and me that you will not try to over-ride Mary Lois's decision, once she makes it. Mary Lois has a mind of her own, she is tender-hearted and conscientious and you must not try to hold her to any childish promise. She must not be won that way. If she still loves you and can happily come home as your wife we will be more than glad to have her back with us. But

we would rather have her happy, knowing she was doing God's will in His place for her, and be at the far ends of the earth, than to be unhappy and here with us. You see Mary Lois's going has taught us all something, and truth to tell, Davy, old boy, we think your seeing Mary Lois will show you, better than anything we can say, what your prospects are," explained Mr. Arnold.

David got the appointment and Aunt Molly knew it when he came in humming "On the Road to Mandalay," for he was paraphrasing it as "On the Way to Mary Lois," and he was riotously happy as he fairly flung his things together preparatory to an ocean voyage, for he was to start for Vancouver on the morrow.

"I'll have her back by the end of six months, Aunt Molly," he said confidently.

"Remember, it is only to be if she is happy in returning Davy," said Aunt Molly.

"Don't you worry, Aunt Molly, Mary Lois and I were made for each other. I'll play fair but I'll win her, if I can, to see things my way. You won't object to having Mary Lois back in this country again I know," smiled David confidently.

"No, Davy. Not if it is God's will and she is happy," said Mrs. Arnold.

"I think you all take religion too seriously, Aunt Molly," said David. "I think religion should make us comfortably happy in doing the things we want to do. Don't you?"

"Not exactly, Davy. I think it makes and should make us joyously happy in doing the things God wants us to do, but then when we have His Spirit dwelling within us we really want to do His will, so after all we do the things we want to do because our desires are purified and instigated by His Spirit."

"O Aunt Molly, you're too serious. You make life an awful burden to a soul."

"No, Davy, wait and see. The Spirit-filled life is the happiest life of all. Don't you want to try it, Davy?"

"Aunt Molly, I cannot see things your way at all. I am not opposed to religion provided it doesn't interfere too much with the life I want to live. We should practise it as we do music and art, just to the extent that we enjoy it. That's my philosophy of life and I think it a pretty neat little philosophy. Don't you?"

"You have quite a little to learn yet, Davy, and you are honest enough and brave enough to do what is right when you find it, and I believe you will seek to find the right way and not allow yourself to be stubbornly strong in a mistaken position," said Mrs. Arnold.

"Yes, Aunt Molly, I'll promise I'll acknowledge you're right if ever I see you are, but I have my doubts about ever having to acknowledge it." David tried to laugh away this serious talk, but

nevertheless, he felt a little uncomfortable over his position.

He was off the next day for the Pacific Coast and the days across the continent seemed unnecessarily long, so eager was he to see Mary Lois. He was interested in his magazine assignment as well. Old ruins always had a fascination over him and what he had heard of these ancient ruins in this little known country had but increased his interest in the work that lay before him.

David sailed for Hong Kong, China, where he expected to board a smaller steamer for Indo China. All across the Pacific he thought of Mary Lois and the strangeness of her choice in life. How could a girl like that choose such queer work? She had left all the pleasures of life while so young and so able to enjoy them that it all seemed incomprehensible to him. On the steamer he met several missionaries going to different fields, for there is scarcely a steamer that has not one or more missionaries as passengers going to some strange and far off land to lead a life of self-denial and sacrifice in order to tell others the good news of salvation through Jesus Christ their Lord.

The steamer stopped at Yokohama, and he stayed there a couple of weeks, visiting this foreign land which he had never seen before, and he tried to look at things as Mary Lois must have seen them. The people in their unloveliness were repulsive to him and in his restlessness he longed to get away.

On the homeward bound Canadian Pacific S. S. *Empress of Australia,* which was leaving Yokohama on August 31, 1923, David DeMott had an old classmate on board the steamer. The two friends visited until time for all visitors to leave the steamer and the gangplank to be drawn. David left the steamer, but he stood on the huge concrete pier amid hosts of other friends bidding farewell to their friends on the homeward bound steamer.

David stood aloof watching the gay crowd calling farewells, throwing confetti and waving brightly colored paper ribbons while the cables were being loosened and the great steamer was preparing to depart. It began to swing from the dock, when suddenly it began to bob up and down like a floating bubble and the great pier began to heave and toss and crack. The people were thrown into great confusion, clutching and screaming. Then a part of the pier sank into the water, carrying a portion of what had been a gay, happy holiday crowd a few minutes before into a seething, boiling sea. David was among those thrown into the water.

"An earthquake! An earthquake!" were the cries about him. David was a good swimmer and in the tossing waters he caught glimpses of the huge houses falling down as though they had been made of cardboard. Falling buildings, breaking glass, crying and screaming multitudes made a seething cauldron of the hitherto peaceful scene.

A strong wind which accompanied the earth-

quake filled the air with dust and made it impossible to see far beyond the immediate scene. David struck out for the steamer, and when he reached it, swung into a place where he, with the officers from the boat, could help those still on the pier to get aboard. Soon the buildings one after another burst into flame. Then began a fearful fight with death. The steamer was an oil burner. Soon huge burning timbers were floating all around the ships in the harbor. All ships were endangered and dared not move from their places for fear of running into each other. The crew of Chinese on the *Empress of Australia* kept the ship constantly under sheets of water with the hose, but David, working with the crew and officers, knew as did few of the passengers how near to death they all were every minute. He could not but think of the likeness of the scene to pictures of hell he had seen, and began to realize for the first time what a passion for saving souls might mean, for he longed unutterably to save all those perishing peoples from the awful destruction that had come upon them. He knew that many of them felt their last time had come, and he heard many call upon God who probably never had while things were going well with them. If Mary Lois viewed the souls of those heathen people in danger as he saw actual individuals perishing, no wonder she gave her life to soul saving.

For the next thirty-six hours the scene was intensified and terrifying. A pall of smoke, the

stench of burning oil, red hot coals flung far into the air, roars of explosions on the waters, and with all panic-stricken refugees pulled from immediate danger to temporary safety on the vast steamer, comprised a terrifying scene.

As evening drew near, the lifeboats made their way toward the pier and more and more refugees were brought on deck, where they sadly watched all they had on earth go up in destruction. Wounded, burned, ragged, blackened and sobbing, they poured out their pitiful tales.

The passenger list on the steamer fortunately was small and the ship became a hospital, with all helping in this terrible emergency, working under the direction of the ship's doctor. All night the work of mercy went on. Thousands of people were treated for injuries, people of all nationalities. With the morning came a new menace, for from the subterranean tanks in front of the bend where the buildings of the Standard Oil Company had been, flowed out great quantities of oil, and soon the whole surface of the water in the harbor was filmed with oil, and near its source great columns of think black smoke were pouring skyward. The steamer was unable to move, for a freighter, endeavoring to go out to safety, had caught its chain and anchor in the propeller of the *Empress of Australia* and had thus made it impossible for the steamer to move. Finally the chain was cut, leaving it and the anchor hanging to the propeller, and

then the freighter helped to pull the steamer back along the pier. Almost at once great stores of silk burst into flame and the blazing pool of oil moved nearer and nearer the steamer. Every effort was made to save her and bit by bit she was moving out. The respite was only temporary, for the oil still flowed out, and where the ship had stood but a short time before was a lake of fire, and great was the relief when they reached the safer waters beyond the breakwater piers. Again the oil flowed around them in dangerous quantities, and again the steamer slowly worked its way further from danger to the outer bay. Thirty-six hours after the first shock found the ship in safety for the first time. Other ships began to arrive to help with the rescue, and it was not until the eleventh of September that the ship continued on its way to America with its cargo of refugees and passengers. David had stayed with the ship until it had taken a load of passengers to Kobe, where the main relief work was established, and he worked among them for more than a month before going on to Hong Kong. In the glow of service to his fellow men he felt he could understand Mary Lois and thought that he too would like to serve his fellow men. The calamity had taken his thoughts from himself for the time being, but as these thoughts had been induced by outward circumstances and no real change had been accomplished in his heart, much of his fervor had vanished ere he reached Hong Kong.

He boarded the smaller steamer and after a short journey landed at Hanoi, the capital of Tonkin, in northern Indo China, and from which he was to start on his journey to search out the long lost city of the ancient and mighty Khmers, who were at the height of their power probably at the time of the famous Marco Polo.

There were rivers, lakes, forests, strange peoples and unknown, undreamed-of experiences before him, but somewhere along the route lay the place of abode of Mary Lois, and David held to his purpose of winning her away from her chosen work. Already the vividness of lost souls had dimmed, and he tried to persuade himself that so would the fervor of Mary Lois have cooled in the months she had been away from home.

As he made his way up the Red River to Hanoi, the place where he expected to find Mary Lois, the old repulsiveness toward uncouth, unlovely heathen peoples again possessed him and he felt sure that Mary Lois, with all her culture and refinement, must be longing to go back to her loved ones and her home.

GOD'S INSTRUMENT

I prayed to be an instrument
In the hands of God Divine,
That He should use my life to bless
The lives that might touch mine.

I did not know 'twould be such pain,
Such sorrow and distress:
I did not know 'twould hurt to be
An instrument to bless.

So when about me surged the strife
I sought for some respite.
But Father dear then touched my hand
And said, "Short is the night."

"The morn will come and bring relief,
For all along your way
Your life will bless some heart-sick souls
For what you've borne today.

"You pled that I might use your life
In ways that seemeth best.
I took you at your word, my child,
Now leave to me the rest."

A calm, a peace has filled my soul,
A God, so good, divine,
Has heard my plea and undertook
To answer prayer of mine.

So tribulations, pain and woe,
While resting in his care,
Will uséd be as instruments
To answer my own prayer.

CHAPTER III

MARY LOIS' REFUSAL

MARY LOIS had been in Hanoi for more than a year. Her Joan-of-Arc calling made her brave and courageous beneath all her sweetness, dearness and childhood shyness. She knew God had called her to these people, and in obeying that call she regretted not for a moment the luxurious life of ease she might have led at home. None of that could draw her from her high calling. But Mary Lois was still a dreamer, and in her dreams Davy was still the "Prince Charming" of her thoughts. She longed to see him, though she dreaded it, for she remembered clearly her unmaidenly confidence as a child and blushed to think of her act of so long ago. Any way, Davy probably never thought of it again, was her comforting thought. Davy seemed so splendid, so wonderful to her maiden heart, that she had attributed to him all the winning characteristics of her "Prince Charming."

She had received a letter from her mother telling her of Davy's unexpected arrival. It was but a postscript added to the letter the day of his arrival and the information was so brief that she could not

help but long with greater intensity for the next letter which would tell her more about him.

Mary Lois had just recently opened a small primary school down in the native quarters of Hanoi and there she went daily with two trained native helpers, Christian women, who desired to be trained as teachers. It was good policy—this training of native teachers—for thus missionaries can multiply themselves many fold.

The names of the streets—Silk Street, Street of Potters, Tinsmith, Medicines, and so on through the trades, each having its own special streets—the wares in the shops, the carved wood furniture, fans, animals and other wares, all had a great fascination to Mary Lois, and her trips heretofore had not worn off her interest in them. The old Chinese quarter was such a queer conglomeration of past and present—rickshaws, bicycles, natives attired in old costumes rendering homage before some old shrine, Chinese men without pigtails, venders of phonographs, and astrologers seeking a living by consulting the stars in the behalf of the needy customer. Beautiful old embroideries, rich monuments of tropical fruit, public scribes with their beautifully tinted papers, fitted into her dreams that morning as she made her way through street after street with her helpers to the building housing the little school where her fascinating, if somewhat dirty, little pupils gathered.

Gone were all thoughts of dreaming or romance

when she stepped into the building and opened the doors for the rush of little feet. This teaching of little children was a joy to her heart, but to teach them about Jesus and His power to save was more than a delight—it was life to Mary Lois. Thank God for the little children of all lands who so readily open hearts and minds to the blessed Gospel! No wonder Christ said, "Whosoever shall not receive the kingdom of God as a little child shall in no wise enter therein." To get hold of these little children and to win them to Christ forms the backbone of most mission work; but not all, for there are some adults who, sin-sick and weary of life which has no joy and no compensations as does the Christian religion, open their hearts as little children to the truth and are blessedly saved.

All thoughts of Davy were swept from Mary Lois's mind in the busy hours of the morning, and on her way home she had no thought of him till she neared the mission home where she lived with Mr. and Mrs. Lannell and Miss Johnston. A rickshaw drew up before the entrance and a man stepped from it and hurried inside. Something about his walk made her think of Davy and wistfully she hoped there would be a letter from home, although she could hardly hope for another one so soon.

She stepped into the hallway and heard her name called at once by Mrs. Lannell, and went into the reception room.

There was Davy! No shadow of doubt was in her mind. He was handsome, tall, lovely as her dreams, and into her eyes sprang the glad welcome of her heart. Davy hadn't meant to take her in his arms, but all promises to Aunt Molly flew to the winds when he saw that light of loving welcome in Mary Lois's sweet, dear face. He kissed her fervently, her lips, her cheeks, her hair, as some cherished being too sacred for careless kisses.

"Mary Lois, Mary Lois, you are a thousand times sweeter and dearer than you were years ago," he murmured in her ear.

"O Davy! It is wonderful to see you again," said Mary Lois, at last releasing herself and standing demurely at a short distance from him. Mrs. Lannell had hastily left the room some time before.

"I have come to bring you home, Mary Lois. Why did you not wait for me? You knew I would come back to you, didn't you?" questioned David.

"Yes, Davy, I knew you would come some time. But I cannot go back home, Davy. My work is here. I did not stop to think when I saw you, I only remembered I was glad to see you. Davy you must not think of my leaving my work here. I cannot do that. This is the work God wants me to do."

"But, Mary Lois, you love me, you cannot deny that. Your dear, dear eyes told me that when you saw me," tenderly smiled David.

"No, Davy, I do not deny that I love you, but loving you does not mean I must leave my work."

"But, Mary Lois,"—Then David remembered his promise to Uncle Dick and Aunt Molly, that he would not try to over-persuade Mary Lois against her convictions, and he saw she was intensely in earnest.

"I was not planning to take you back this minute dear." And then he told her all about his work for the magazine and the explorations of the old ruins that lay before him. "Then, Mary Lois, when my work is over here I think you will see that you should go back home with me as my little wife." There was no mistaking the loving tenderness in his voice.

"Davy, I am glad you are going to be here awhile, but I feel I must tell you that as long as I know this is God's place for me I cannot leave this work no matter what I must sacrifice. Christ didn't give up His work after leaving His home in glory when He must have found it hard here on this unfriendly earth. He finished the work He came to do. I believe I have a work to do and I must finish it," soberly explained Mary Lois.

"You have a few months to finish it in, dear, and then back to America we go," insisted David.

"No, Davy, you must not plan for that."

"You love me, Mary Lois?"

"Yes, Davy, but I love God more."

"Well, then, you cannot love as much as I, for I

love you more than I love anyone on earth or in heaven."

"Oh! Davy, you mustn't!" protested Mary Lois.

The lunch bell rang and no more was said on the subject and David, thinking it over, decided to say no more, but to let what he had already said have time to do its work.

At lunch David met Mr. Lannell, who had spent so many years in Indo China. He was full of the history of his adopted country, and had traveled in the interests of the mission over most of Indo China and was rich in information about the country.

David thought he had acquired some knowledge of the country, but he soon realized that Mr. Lannel was far better versed in the actual knowledge of the country than the writers of the articles he had read.

"It seems foolish to send a casual traveler out to these countries to write them up when such men as you are on the field. With all your knowledge of the country and people I should think you could make lots of money writing novels and travel articles for magazines. The country is very colorful and people are curious about it," said David.

"I might be able to do as you say," said Mr. Lannell, "but that isn't my work. I haven't time. This information I have picked up bit by bit, from contact with others who have been here longer than I and from sources of different kinds, for I needed

it all to understand my people and to help my work, but to take time to write about it, even though that is good and right in its place, would be wrong for me. I have a work to do and I must finish my task and leave the writing to others," explained Mr. Lannell.

David could not help but look at Mary Lois. Here again was that idea of a work to do. Did very many people have that idea? As for him, he had done what he wished to do and he expected to keep right on doing it. He always had had his way, he could persuade people to see things his way, and he intended to keep on doing it. Especially would he win the sweet-faced girl who loved him to see that her special work in this world was to make him happy. If he could persuade her this was her work then both he and she would be happy. But just how he was to do that he could not, at present, be sure.

David awoke from his thoughts to realize that his host was studying him.

"I wish you would give me a brief outline of the ancient and modern history of these people," David said, seeking to get help for his work and to hide his own thoughts. "I was reading some books on shipboard and one of my fellow passengers told me what I was reading was quite obsolete and fanciful. I expect it was. Things move so fast that I expect I will not find all those conditions now, but

I should like a sketch from your store of knowledge upon which to base my work."

"That is not always so easy to do but I think I can give you such an outline that you can fill in as you need. I have had to do that very thing for my mission board.

"Antiquity gives us a misty picture of a tribe of the Mongolian race, by name 'Gian-Chi,' which means 'the separated big toe,' and even today this is a characteristic mark of the Annamese people. These people settled in this part of Indo China. They are spoken of in the Chinese Chronicles as early as 2537 B. C."

"That goes back early enough for me," laughed David.

"These people," continued Mr. Lannell, "were ruled by chiefs who made laws and performed sacrificial worship to a supreme god, 'Thuong-De,' as well as to other beings, so legend tells us. Temples were built to these various deities. The Annamese are still very superstitious.

"Twenty centuries passed in which these people, ruled by Chinese rulers or Annamese rulers under supervision of the Chinese, rendered homage to China. About 200 B. C. this semi-independence was lost, for a ruling emperor of China coveted the rich province of Annam or 'Viet-Nam,' the legendary name, and sent a force and conquered it. This country then ruled and harassed by Chinese governors continued thus until 900 A. D.

"South of these people lived the 'Cham' people, in the kingdom of Ciampois. This race seemed to be a cross between the Cambodian people and the Malays and are quite different from the Annamese. The Annamese, wishing to expand but not being able to expand northward because of the strong Chinese, made an effort to gain the mineral deposits of the 'Chams' to the south. However, the Chams did not tamely submit but retaliated, and a struggle was begun which lasted through centuries.

"South of the Chams lived the Cambodians. In 254 B. C. a tribe of Indians had migrated into Cambodia and intermarried with the original races, probably a branch of the Shans, and these people from 707 A. D. were known as the Khmers. An ancient inscription dating from the sixth century tells of the coming of King Bhavavarman, Lord of Khmer, Principality of Sambor on the Mekong, who was a vassal of a royal Hindoo house. The language of the country at this period was Sanskrit. This explains the source of the scientific knowledge, the art and initiativeness of the period which immediately followed. Their buildings, many ruins of which are now in existence, show that they possessed much artistic skill and vigor of mind up until about the thirteenth century, when the Cambodian Kingdom began its decline. During the period of their ascendancy they seemed to have unlimited wealth and numerous slaves, with which they built their magnificent buildings. They con-

quered all the surrounding country and seemed to dominate the southern part of this country. They erected Prah-Khan in Angkor. The city of Angkor Thom was built; also Bayon, a temple; Phimenakas, a palace; and Baphuon and other wonderful buildings and structures.

"Gradually losing their skill, growing careless and indifferent, the hardy Annamese after subjugating the Chams began to harass the Khmers and to press further southward. From the beginning of the decline of the Khmers in the thirteenth century, by 1758 A. D. the six southern provinces were conquered.

"During this time the Annam Kingdom was the most prosperous, extending from the southern boundary of China to the Gulf of Siam. In 1760 a revolution broke out and internal strife brought on by rival princes and kings caused them to lose all.

"One of the rival princes sought safety in Bankok, Siam. This prince, Nguyen-Anh, obtained through a Catholic Bishop the aid of Louis XVI, and once more making an attempt to take Saigon, succor having come from France, he succeeded and arranged a treaty with France.

"For further help in money, ships and troops, France was given the city of Tourane and the right to have consuls in the ports of Cochin China. In 1803 Nguyen-Nam became king, calling himself Gia-Long, and was recognized by the ruler of China. His territory included that which had been

occupied by Giao-Chi, together with the territory formerly in possession of the Chams and the six provinces in southern Cambodia. This king was always grateful for the help he had received, but his successor, King Minh-Mang, commenced persecuting the Catholic missionaries and massacred their converts. His successor did likewise. This policy was continued until 1847, when France sent a fleet to protest, but the king paid no attention and even sent boats against the fleet. His boats were destroyed and in retaliation he ordered a general massacre of all Europeans in Annam.

"This king's son, Tu-Duc, followed his father's policy even more bitterly. As a consequence Admiral Regault de Genouilly came with a French-Spanish fleet, commenced a bombardment, and took Tourane in 1858, and a year later took Saigon.

"From this time on France has been continuously interested in this country. Three provinces were ceded to France at this time, two more were ceded a little later, then the whole of lower Cochin China. However, in the north in Tonkin there was continual trouble between the French and Annamese merchants. The French merchants were hampered in their movements up and down the Red River. An intermittent struggle between the two forces continued for ten years. In 1863, after the death of King Tu-Duc, France sent sufficient forces to overcome this difficulty and Annam became a French Protectorate and Cochin China a French

colony. In 1883 Cambodia put herself under the protection of France to escape Siamese oppression. The Siamese were repulsed and France's sovereignty was established over this part of the world.

"This gives the history in brief. The history of our mission occupation of this territory is varied as well, but bit by bit we have been gaining ground, not by force, 'not by might, nor by power,' but by God's Spirit have we gained foothold to preach the Gospel of salvation to a benighted people," finished Mr. Lannell.

GOD'S PATH

It is pure loss to choose a joy
  Of just a few short years,
And pay through years a bitter price
  Of sad regretful tears.

We know 'tis best to choose God's path
  No matter through what woe,
For thus we have the blessed peace
  His chosen ones can know.

CHAPTER IV

MARY LOIS' WORK

"BUT has it really been worth while? Pardon me, Mr. Lannell, but you seem too good a man to have yourself buried in such a place and on such a mission. Why not leave these people to their own religions, for I suppose they have some sort of religion, and as long as a man is sincere he will get along all right. There are so many more interesting things a man of your intelligence might be engaged in," said David.

"I grant you there are many interesting things I might be engaged in, but none more interesting than this. Sincerity has never been recognized as all that is necessary for salvation. If you were thrown from a boat out there in the gulf and could not swim, however sincere you might be in believing that the thing you saw in front of you might keep you afloat and save you from drowning, it could not save you if the 'thing' turned out to be a shark. No, there is only one way of salvation, and that is 'through the precious blood of Jesus,' and there is 'none other name under heaven whereby we must be saved' but that of Jesus, and I count it a blessed privilege to be an ambassador of the most High God to bring this knowledge to these people. No,

City Market at [illegible] Penh, Cambodia.

River Scene in Cambodia.

sir, I can think of nothing else in this world I would rather do. If I had a dozen lives at my command no one of them would be saved for some other work. I should want to use them all right here," said Mr. Lannell with conviction.

"I think you verge on the border of fanaticism," said David.

"O Davy!" said Mary Lois, whose face as Mr. Lannell spoke bore the look of an exalted spirit shining out of a lovely face. David resolved to end the discussion or that phase of it at once. He thought Mary Lois was too ethereal already.

"But about these old ruins, where are they and where do they fit into the picture?" he asked, turning to Mr. Lannell.

"There are numerous old ruins in many parts of the country and many that are probably not yet discovered. These are estimated as having been erected during the upward surge of the Khmers from somewhere near the third century up to the sixth century, certainly not later than the thirteenth century. Anghor Wat was probably the last building built at Angkor, and it is connected with King Suryavarman, who lived 1112-1160 A. D.

"A Chinese envoy, Tcheou-ta, visiting the Kingdom of the Khmers a hundred years after this and whose records still exist, gives the only account we have of these people, and he says nothing of buildings being erected at this time. They were already in existence, for shortly after the empire began to

decline. Between the time of the visit of this Chinese envoy, in 1295, and a Portuguese explorer, named Cristoval de Jacque, the empire had fallen, for the explorer reported the magnificent Angkor Thom as deserted and the empire fallen. The wonderful old buildings were swallowed up by the forests and men forgot they were there. Only now are they being found and studied and they are most interesting," explained Mr. Lannell.

"I suppose these buildings are for the most part temples or places of worship?" questioned David.

"Yes, they show evidences of both Brahminism and Buddism," said Mr. Lannell.

"Then they really do have a very advanced stage of religion. I understand that both Brahminism and Buddism are most excellent religions," said David, forgetting for a moment his resolve not to touch on the subject of religion again.

"I wouldn't say that. What I should say is that both these religions have some excellent things in them, but I would never call them excellent religions. All religions are vain without a saving faith in Christ," said Mr. Lannell.

"There he goes again," thought David, seeking in his mind some way to turn the thoughts away from what he felt was pure fanaticism. "Just what is the religion of these people?" he questioned.

"One cannot say this or that is the religion of these people, for they have a number of religions. Perhaps the one that has influenced the most edu-

cated classes of Annam is Confucianism, and yet Confucius founded a system of ethics rather than a religion.

"The five virtues, Humanity, Justice, Righteousness, Goodness, Faith, and the performance of prescribed rites coupled with obedience and respect of children for their parents, and of all inferiors for their superiors, constitute the backbone of his system. His teachings and precepts on government, were they allowed, would no doubt better any system of government, for they are excellent; but the whole weakness of Confucianism lies in the fact that by minute regulations of rites it seeks to work from without inward, and that never succeeds. Christianity works from within out. A changed heart and life changes the outward conduct," explained Mr. Lannell.

"But this is not the only religion?" asked David quickly, as he again feared a discourse on topics he did not wish spoken of.

"No! But, as I said before, it has perhaps exercised the greatest influence upon the upper classes. It of course amounts to ancestral worship. Every third year at Hue, the King of Annam, as the mouthpiece of his people, prays and offers sacrifice in the worship of their ancestors, of departed emperors and of the god of heaven. Buddhism comes from India. The object of his teachings was to lead his followers to renounce the good things of this world, and gain freedom from all passions,

that they might reach a state of abstract thought, or passivity, which approached their aim, 'Nirvana,' or nonexistence. It recognizes no futurity of the soul and yet huge misshapen statues of Buddhism are scattered all over the land, and to these the faithful are ever prostrating themselves. It was introduced about the thirteenth century.

"This form of religion is especially found in Cambodia, and Angkor is one of the 'Holy Places,' although there is a magnificent temple in Pnom Penh where their priests are educated. You will doubtless visit this and will find a temple within a temple, the inner one having a floor of plates of solid silver and a life size statue of Buddha in solid gold.

"The third religion, Taoism, is often combined with these two in the minds of the ignorant populace. Lao-Tsz, who founded this religion, lived, as did the others, several centuries before Christ. His religions consisted of a belief in a supreme God who was the universal soul of all beings. This man also taught the giving up of all things in this earthly life so as to merit perfection. This religion has degenerated in many places into a degraded cult which is a kind of sorcery, 'Dong-Bong.' Most of the sorcerers, magicians and soothsayers of this country belong to this sect.

"In addition to these there are great numbers of genii in which they believe and which they worship. This cult of genii worship very much resembles

the worship of heroes of the Greeks and of the Romans.

"Then there is the Roman Catholic religion which as in many other countries descends to a worship of images of different substances. Conversions are superficial.

"These constitute the main religions of this country, but there are many seemingly without any kind of religion. Having found satisfaction in none, they have no belief. When one realizes that Christ only is the way to salvation and that there are so few messengers to tell them about Him, one wonders how any Christian could not hear the call and become messengers of the Cross to these people," finished Mr. Lannell, rising from the table from whence all signs of the meal had long been removed and, breaking away from his guest, hurriedly went about his work.

For a whole week David stayed as a guest of the Lannell's and every day his love for Mary Lois grew, and then he came to realize why Aunt Molly had referred to the Joan-of-Arc citadel about the heart of his "wonder girl." He found her impregnable in her citadel of service and all the storming he did about those castle walls only wrought pain to them both.

"Davy, when I think of what Christ did for me in leaving His home of glory and in laying down His life for me, could I throw aside His call to me for all that being with you would mean to me?

I could not bear my cowardly self if I did such a thing. We could never be happy. This is the first real thing, of great value to me, that I can lay at His feet. I knew I loved you but I did not know of a surety that you loved me until you came. Your love is most precious to me and yet I lay it in loving sacrifice at His feet in return for the infinite sacrifice, the greatness of which I can never comprehend, which He made for you and me. O Davy, can't you understand?

"You have seen me with the children. We are their only opportunity to know God and to live clean lives. You have seen something of what 'without God' means in the lives of these people. Could I throw them back into the filth and then enjoy life? I would be utterly miserable, even though loved by the dearest man on earth. I could not bear to know I had built my life on a cowardly act. Can't you see it, dear?" pleaded Mary Lois as David stood before her and had begged her to give it all up to be married at once and tour the country with him and then go home. The lure and sweetness and purity of her life had ensnared him so that he felt he must have her and could not renounce her.

"No, Mary Lois, I cannot see it as you do. Please think of me a little. I need your help. You would be doing missionary work in teaching me of your God. I don't know Him like you do and if it would drive me to such sacrifices as you make I

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don't know as I want to know Him that way," said David.

"O Davy, He doesn't drive me! I want to go this way. Life is rich and great and beautiful and joyous walking with Him, even though the way leads through hard and difficult places, for it's the being with Him that makes it all different. Won't you please try to see it my way, Davy?" Mary Lois pleaded in her sweet voice.

"But I don't want to see it in your way, dear. I want you to see it my way and I'm going to go now and leave you, but when I return, Mary Lois, I am going to be a cave man and carry you off home. I cannot live without you. You are mine, first," said David, really thinking what he said was true.

"Davy, don't you love God? Doesn't your heart almost burst with longing to do some great service for Him? Hasn't He called you to some special service? Don't you just ache to be at it?"

"Mary Lois, I cannot understand. I think I believe in God, but I cannot say I love Him, if loving Him means being willing to give you up." And then he would say no more.

In a brief talk with Mr. Lannell, he said, "If I could find what Mary Lois has perhaps I should understand. These people, their troubles, their souls, even their filth, mean nothing to me. They are repulsive. I cannot conceive for a minute of my being willing to give up anything for them. I love

to travel, I love the romance of it, but what is there that would make one as sweet and pure and noble as Mary Lois sacrifice her luxurious home and the refinements of civilization, to work with these people?" he asked bitterly.

"Find out Mr. DeMott. Here is a little parcel your Mary Lois asked me to give you just before you left this morning. She started off early this morning with two of the Bible women for the purpose of distributing portions of Scripture in a near-by village and I have an idea if you study the contents of this package and keep your eyes open and really try you will find your answer," said Mr. Lannell, not wishing to say too much to this attractive but self-willed young man, yet wishing to win Him to the Master.

"I am going to ask you to visit our mission stations whenever you can, that you may know our missionaries as well as possible. You will find them attractive and interesting and well versed in the knowledge of the country and people. They will be able to help you and glad to do so. Some of them in the southern provinces have seen those old ruins you are going to visit. Strive to know us all better, but most of all strive to know the One we love to serve, and you will understand the dear girl you would seek to win as your wife. Trust your life to God, put it entirely in His keeping and He will solve your most difficult problems," advised Mr. Lannell as he accompanied David to the point

at which he was to take a motor car driven by a native chauffeur, and start on his journey along the coast toward the south.

"I am afraid to trust God. You see, Mr. Lannell, I want my problems solved just as I want them solved and I should be afraid to trust anyone else to have a hand in them." David half smiled as he thought tenderly of Mary Lois.

CHAPTER V

THE LAND BY THE SEA

AS DAVID started out in the asthmatic motor car past the fascinating sights in the streets of Hanoi he strove to banish all personal thoughts and to capture the lure of the country. He recalled stories of the old Mandarin Road, full of charming adventures, and so when on the outskirts of the city amid the mixture of modern and ancient vehicles, costumes and peoples, he was at first disgusted to have pointed out by his Annamese chauffeur a signpost marked in the latest approved way, "Colonial Road No. 1," and beheld a poorly paved road, wide, it is true, but skirting the railway as commonly as if in the homeland. All the way from Hanoi to Ninh-bing the road ran through rice fields and blinding stretches of water ooze—blinding because of the intense glare of the sun and the hard light of a cloudless, polished sky, necessitating dark glasses if one wished to save the eyes. All about were Tongkingese, poles resting on their shoulders on which were balanced their loads, hastening along the dykes which were everywhere present.

Huts, thatched and old, with dirty unclad children swarming about, came into view frequently.

Creaking old carts, buffaloes, slow and stupid, numerous temples, pagodas with their typically upturned roofs, and men, women and children alike working in the rice fields, passed in review before his eyes. The fishermen with their nets, not fishing for pleasure but for daily bread, added to the picture. But where was the splendor he had read about? Here were the populace wallowing in mud, transplanting the shoots of rice, waist deep in water, harrowing the fields, or at work on a dyke, in pairs, alternately pulling and relaxing as they raised and lowered their wicker buckets, bailing water from a low field. Earth, sky, water, people, garments, all wore the same dark brown hue, unrelieved by any touches of color save now and then blue stretches of Japanese hyacinths which had been planted long ago in celebration of a victory and which had spread so rapidly and so thoroughly that they are now a pest.

The rice fields, with their dark brown sameness, their poverty stricken, unceasingly busy workers, gave way at last to a wasteland, the Tam-diep, where no vegetation grows, but scraggy brush, and on to Vinh, where the first stop was made.

David felt disappointed that this the first part of his journey had been barren of romance, thrill or beauty, but he felt that perhaps he was missing something by the sense of disappointment in his own heart and resolved anew that as for Mary Lois, he simply would win her to his own way of

thinking and take her back with him, and again capturing his old confidence in his ability to get for himself that which he wanted he took his first night's rest in a comfortable French hotel.

That evening at dinner he talked with an old timer, a Frenchman who had come as an official into the country years ago, and the tales he told brought again to his mind the pictures he had had of Indo China, but which he had in no way realized thus far in his stay.

His French acquaintance told of a great number of thrilling experiences, sad and frightful enough at the time, but at which he could now afford to laugh, and painted word pictures of glowing and alluring coloring.

Typhoons, pirate raids, the Rue Paul-Bert, bombs, and the sinister plot which was to have wiped out the whole garrison by wholesale poisoning, which had baneful results, although not fatal. Many lurid tales he told, finding in David's attentiveness all the inspiration he needed to relive those old days. Well for David that he understood French so well that he could enjoy these tales. They agreed so well with the tales of Pierre Mille and what he wanted to see, that David spent a most enjoyable two hours listening to his new-found friends, only to be told at the end that these were all past. Modern inventions and modern improvements had replaced the ancient scenes of the old mandarin road, where princely travelers in lavish

dress stopped at resting places and temples and accepted the homage of a people who fairly worshiped them.

"The emperor now rides in a motor car and all the picturesqueness has departed," David was told, and again he felt thrown back into a state of disappointed gloom, which had its roots not so much in his environments as in his own state of mind.

In the morning after a restless, hot, mosquito-infested night David was again ready to start on his journey south. Very early he left Vinh and hoped to reach Tourane before nightfall. The day advanced and the motor car began to get more wheezy, more asmathatic, and the cylinders to miss on the up grades. Time after time the Annamese chauffeur climbed back into his seat and waited a little while. They started on hopefully to go gaily along for a little while, only to go through the same performance again. It was plain he knew nothing of motor cars and very little about driving.

The result was that darkness overtook them before they had reached Hue. The only light was the headlights of the car and all about was pitchy blackness. The road seemed narrow and wild and eerie shadows took on fantastic shapes.

"Will we reach Hue tonight?" David asked his chauffeur.

"Monsieur," and the rest was a mere mumble, too indistinct to hear, and frantically the car plunged this way and that way and then came to a stand-

still. David felt that it was on the edge of a bluff. Stalled, he gingerly crawled from the back seat, and with his flashlight examined the place. True enough, a few inches further would have sent them into a ravine. The chauffeur was no help. He crouched miserably at the back of the car and said nothing distinguishable, apparently fearing a torrent of abuse, but David was too intent on his troubles to belabor the poor man. He feared to stay in the car for fear a little jostling movement would send it over the embankment. He had nothing with which to defend himself, the place looked wild and far from civilization or any help. Against the dusky sky he made out a small pagoda some distance away and, with his Annamese attendant, sought it for possible help or shelter, but he could find no road and, plunging through the overgrown brush, he was scratched and torn, only to find a deserted altar and a haunt of wild beasts, open as it was to every intruder. Back he stumbled to the car to find the headlights had grown dim to a point where they added nothing to the solution of his problem and then he realized that his flashlight too was growing dimmer.

"Ong Cop," escaped the lips of the Annamese more than once, and David heard this polite form of address which the Annamese always used in speaking of Mr. Tiger. He could not but recall the tales his friend of the night before had told him of this fiercest of wild animals. Then, too,

to add to his discomfort, the mosquitoes seemed to swarm up from the land all about him and attacked him viciously. What else the night had for him he did not know but, reaching over into the front of the car, he sounded the horn again and again. His chauffeur crouching at the back of the car, gave a cry at the first sound, unprepared as he was for the noise.

David stopped and the queer appalling silence settled about them, but only for a few seconds. Then a stealthy sound approached. David could find no one thing that seemed to lend itself to defence and he could hear the teeth of the chauffeur chatter in fear.

"Stalled are you?" called a cheery voice, as a lanky, seedy looking man approached near enough to be seen in the darkness and faint glow of headlight and flashlight.

"Yes, but where did you come from and where are we?" gasped David. The chauffeur was already standing boldly up and began tinkering with the car.

There he was, not more than a few hundred feet from a planter's house lying beyond the ravine, and where he now was invited to shelter for the night.

"It isn't really safe to be out nights. I have lost several smaller animals the last few nights by prowling tigers," said the settler.

Safe in the planter's home David spent another fairyland evening filled with tales of the good old

times, and expressed his longing to see something of those old times.

"Go way back in the mountains and you will find things little changed, but of course you will not find the splendor of old. You will find primitive life. But in Hue, visit the royal sepulchers and spend some time in and about the city. If you are able to catch some of the splendors of the old mandarins it will be there," said David's host.

David was glad for this advice, and he spent the early morning and evening or late afternoon of the next day in and about the royal sepulchers near Hue. Up the River of Perfumes, through massive and luxurious forests, he went to visit them, to find courts overgrown and balustrades moss covered. The most beautiful tomb is claimed to be that of Minh-mang, but the others seem equally interesting. These tombs are not the vast vaults of our dead, but are the last dwelling places of the departed monarchs. Here are the comforts of living, here are the treasures he prized while he lived, here are refreshments for the body, here are temples for worship, and in their beauty of construction they blend with the landscape and seem part of it.

On guard are stone mandarins, stone horses and elephants with ornamental trappings, carved dragons and decorated tiles and stairways. Brightly glazed pinnacles rise from the roofs and bronze gateways here and there, and lend picturesque frames to pools with their overshadowing trees.

No one knows where the body of the monarch lies. That is not essential. Somewhere in the sacred enclosure where plants and trees are scattered about lies the grave, but the pavilion for the soul is the point of interest. All these things were prepared in the lifetime of the emperor and according to his desires. Here he, in his lifetime, with his gay courtiers, came on pleasure trips and always there were gayety and laughter. All four of the royal tombs have great similarity, but that of Minh-mang is perhaps more in harmony with its setting and with its component parts. Here in the pine forest where the wild elephants still wander at will, here behind a high wall of brick, are the palace of the soul of the scholar emperor, and other buildings. There are lovely pools bearing enchanting names of Shining Virtue, Magnetic Light and Venerated Deed. Flower bordered pools, tranquil lakes, picturesque bridges, little streams, lotus ponds, water, and flowers everywhere meet the eye. Minh-mang's wish for a perfumed and tranquil water setting for his sacred resting place has been fully realized. All the decorations, the buildings, the bridges, the water, have symbolic meanings and their ornamentations are rich in mother-of-pearl, ivory and gilt.

The tomb of Minh-mang's father, Gia-long, the first emperor to reign over all the kingdoms from the southern borders of China to the banks of the River Mekong, is very different from his scholarly,

peace-loving son, for his tomb contains none of the fairy-like beauty of Minh-mang's, but instead is more like a fort in its rugged simplicity, its granite blocks and bare terraces. No inscriptions of great deeds are needed, for Gia-long needed none to keep himself alive in the memory of his people. His work lives after him.

Here David caught the charm and mystery of old Annam. Here amid quiet waters, flowering trees, red lacquer, old tapestries; among the old tombs guarded by their stone sentinels, the haunts of wild beasts at night, and the enclosing forest, he seemed taken back in years to the old splendor which has formed so enchanting a tale to those who had reached those far-off lands in the long ago, and had written so charmingly of them.

And Hue, the ancient city itself, was full of that old-time charm which David had been unable to capture before—a city of entrancing gardens. The broad river, palm bordered, its flowering shrubbery, the fantastic roofs of the palaces, its surrounding forests, and many other parts remained old and interesting, until it seemed in this old city lay the embodiment of its legendary past. But it will not be allowed to remain so long, for civilization is making its inroads and it, too, may become modernized in a few short years.

The simple houses of the people, hidden by bamboo from the gaze of the curious, begun in preceding ages to mask well-being from pirates and

greedy mandarins, all, high and low, have the same general plan,—garden spots, water jars, dwarf trees, main room on a level with the ground and plainly furnished with huge, bare bed, table, ancestral shrine, stools and little else. They are a simple people who respond easily to sympathy and interest, but who quickly resent patronage.

David tore himself away to reach Tourane for a special meeting of the missionaries there at their headquarters station, because he knew there was a possibility that Mary Lois might come down for that meeting. As entrancing as the country was, he could not keep his thoughts from the sweet-faced and pure-souled girl who had won his heart and whom he was resolved to win away from this country at all costs.

David had not heard from Mary Lois, but he resolved after his week of absence from her that he would insist that she write to him, for he suddenly seemed to realize what her letters might have been to him for some time past. He felt cheated and possessive and determined to make her see the situation as he wished her to see it.

CHAPTER VI

DAVID'S IMPRISONMENT

TRUE enough, Mary Lois was among the missionaries who came down for the conference. Thinking that perhaps she had been unkind to David in her zeal, Mary Lois resolved to be very friendly and comradely with him, feeling that they would see so little of each other in the short time David would be in the country. David was jubilant, believing that he had practically won his point and that this graciousness on the part of Mary Lois was to let him know that she had reconsidered her decision.

He wanted to take her with him on his excursions about the city and the surrounding country and his study of the old ruins, but was amazed when Mary Lois insisted on attending every meeting of the conference held, morning, afternoon and evening, and he found that if he were going to spend any time with her he would have to attend those meetings too.

"But, Mary Lois, don't you ever want a vacation?" asked David.

"Yes, Davy, I am on my vacation now, and I want to enjoy every minute of it. It is such a treat to be here," answered Mary Lois.

"But attending every meeting must be stupid

Ancient Ruins in Forest at Angkor Cambodia.

Mois Shrine in Forest to Propitiate Evil Spirits and Ward off Malarial Fever.

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work. Don't you want to get away from these people and be yourself awhile? You don't have to live on that plane all the time," said David.

"What plane, Davy?" asked Mary Lois puzzled.

"Oh, that religious plane. Don't you sometimes want to get away from it and be a little wicked sometimes?" he asked.

"No, Davy. This is my life and I love it. I love to be with other Christians and I love the things of God. They are more to me than anything else could be. I love this life, Davy, I *LOVE* it. I don't want any vacation from my religious life, Davy; no, not a minute. Can't you understand Davy? 'For me to live is Christ.' I know He is coming again and will take His people away with Him, and I am constantly longing to be always ready for His coming. Indeed, it would grieve me to lay my religion aside for a vacation. You can't mean it, Davy. You were just joking, weren't you?" pleaded Mary Lois.

David would not answer her, but instead he sat through the meetings one and all. He learned of mission work, its aims and ambitions, and heard the missionaries tell of the joys and fruits of their work and could not understand the joy that sat upon the faces of missionaries and converts alike.

He could not help but admire the fine group of students in the Bible School as he compared their heaven-lit faces with the sodden natives he had seen. He realized the soundness of the mission aim

in seeking to develop its work through native converts and native workers. These students in the Bible School have five years in their training course and this includes three years in the school and two in practical ministry among their own people. These years are alternated, a year in school and a year in the ministry, and thus is built up a dependable, trained, practical ministry. They are taught to win souls, and dependence upon God in prayer and faith. They teach their converts the joy of self-support in their native churches, realizing that they will appreciate more that which costs them something, and thus will not be so easily lured by material advantages in accepting Christianity.

Every phase of mission work was spoken of—the printing press turning out thousands of Scripture portions; the colportage work, whereby these same portions of Scripture were distributed to out districts; and most interesting of all were the testimonies of some of the native converts, which were translated into English for the benefit of those who could not understand the native tongue.

But perhaps the thing that troubled David most of all was their seasons of prayer, prayer for converts, for those who were sick, for favor with the government that closed districts might be opened, and many, many other things. To David it was a mystery. "Did these people think that God would answer all those petitions?" And then in the closing meeting, when there were praise and testi-

monies, he was amazed, skeptical and puzzled. The number of incidents of answered prayer that these people, both native and missionary, told about was astonishing. It was his first experience of such a meeting and of the mingling with people who so intensely believed in the Christian life. "Why, these people make it the *BUSINESS* of their life" he thought, and "they really seem to *ENJOY* it." For the first time he began to realize that he knew nothing of the Christ life and that *maybe* there was more in it than he had supposed. They couldn't all be deluded, and yet be so warmly human and lovable and congenial.

Even though Mary Lois was warmly kind, David said no more to her at this time about taking her home. He felt that he must have time to think things out clearly and he was beginning to see that there was a great deal more to Mary Lois's obstinacy than he had at first supposed. It was not a passing quest; it was a vital thing with her and with a number of others, and he felt he must solve the problem before he went further. "What was it these people had that made life the transcendent joy it was to them?" was a question he strove to answer.

However, when he bade Mary Lois "Good-bye" he won from her a promise of a weekly letter, and he was comforted to a degree in the thought of his pleasure in this exchange of letters.

He left for Saigon the next day and again be-

came the magazine correspondent viewing everything with eyes that would take in the queer, the exotic and the fantastic. He lost the brooding desire to find what had given the group he had so shortly left behind those happy, peaceful, intensely living characteristics.

That first night in Saigon, in one of the sidewalk cafe's, a young Frenchman, suave, polished and just a little seedy in appearance, deftly brought himself to David's attention and David, eager for adventure and for someone with whom he could converse, lent willing faculties to the making of such an acquaintance. This acquaintanceship ripened into comradeship and the next day was spent together in seeing the sights of Saigon, but the night was set aside for Cholon, six kilometers from Saigon. In ten minutes by motor bus they were in Cholon, the Chinese city, considered a suburb of Saigon, but much larger. Its population is estimated to be 200,000, a third of whom are Cantonese.

Here the contrast between Hue and its splendid past and its tokens of that past gave way to life that was intensely lived, vividly colored, dazzlingly brilliant. Here were opium dens in great numbers, the smell of opium penetrating the streets; restaurants glaring with lights, noisy with screechy music, talk and harsh laughter; shops with their many shining candles; gambling houses; and carriages. All seemed a jumbled seething mass.

Cholon is the dumping ground of the off-scouring of Indo China, crowded together, twenty in a room sometimes, many living on junks.

Emile, the only name the young Frenchman gave David, was painstakingly eager to show the city of Cholon to his new acquaintance. David was at first puzzled at his interest, but finally became so enamoured with the hectic life of this strange city that he ceased to question.

"A city of cries and cymbals, evil-smelling, rolling in piasters, a crazy city which never sleeps." David had read that description of the city before he ever reached Indo China and finding this was a mild epitome of it he threw himself into the life of the city with Emile as his guide in a way he would never have dreamed possible. David had led a clean life and his environment had been such as to hold him to certain customary standards. However, in attending the missionary conference of the past week with Mary Lois, and having pressed home as never before the futility of the brand of religion he possessed and feeling a strong drawing to the higher plane of which he had caught a glimpse, even while refusing to consider it, he had not realized the influence of such a step in the letting down of the whole moral scaffolding of his life.

Theaters, houses of ill repute, opium dens, canal life, houses afloat, gambling dens, darkness and evil, glaring light and open, gay restaurants, sing-

ing girls, drums and cymbals; David took them all in first as a mere observer financing his and Emile's way, then bit by bit entered into the life about him, tasting the tantalizing drinks, trying the opium smoking, going back to his hotel at short intervals, and was simply mesmerized with a life he had never considered before, a life from which he had definitely held himself aloof.

A week had passed and one morning he awoke in a vile, evil-smelling dungeon, lying on filthy rags, with a fierce headache, a burning thirst, his senses dazed. He lay there long trying to remember where he had been and how he had come to be in such a filthy place. There was only a thin trickle of light from some place above and David lay looking at this pale light until his senses cleared. Then arising, he shook himself, and stepped to the ray of light and beheld himself as he had never looked before, with soiled and dirty clothing, torn and disheveled, not a cent in his pocket, watch and chain gone, tie pin and ring gone. In his outside coat pocket was a half dozen letters which he but dimly recalled having received at the hotel ages ago, it seemed, but which he had not taken time to look over, open and read. He could find no door, no opening in the foul-smelling place, only that thin ray of light from some place above. He thought he would call out, then decided he would wait until he heard some movement from some

place outside his prison and would then determine what was best to be done.

He fingered the letters and then found that by standing in the path of the light he could make out the writing. He read one or two. They were business letters. Then he opened one which bore a strange handwriting. He was stupidly curious until he read "Dear Davy," and turned to the signature "Mary Lois." David was stunned, so stunned that he sank to the floor of his prison, with a heartrending groan. "Mary Lois! Oh!" He had forgotten Mary Lois!

"I am not fit to touch her letter and in a place like this," he groaned. He was sobered as he had not been for days. He had not realized that he had been partially drugged for days, so that he would not realize just how far he had gone on the downward path, but he could remember twinges of conscience now and then, in the days past. This first letter he had ever received from Mary Lois brought him to a realization of what his life had been in the past days, just how long he knew not.

It was long before he could bring himself to read her letter, but he grew hungry for the sense of her sweet presence and, taking the letter, he read it bit by bit, groaning as he did so. The comparison between his present situation and the place he had been with her last struck him so forcibly that he was humbled indeed.

"Dear Davy: I am wondering where you are and what wonderful things you are seeing. There is so much of evil in this land, and indeed in any land, but it is such a comfort to know you are so big and fine and splendid and will always choose out only the best things to see and write about. There are always such lots of beautiful things to see when we look for them that I shall be always knowing you will be finding the beautiful things, and I hope you will not only write of them to your magazine, but will tell me something about them also. You will, won't you, Davy?

"I must tell you too, that I am praying daily for you, for Davy, dear, I want you to know Christ in a deeper way. You are so splendid, so clean and fine, that you do not see the need of Christ in the way that weaker ones do, but I want you to know Him in a deeper way than you have ever done, for then you will understand such a lot of things you cannot understand now.

"Davy, let Christ be supreme in your life, give Him control, and you will daily wonder at the greatness of Christ's wonderful, omnipotent love.

"I was glad to get your letter written the day after you left me and I shall be looking forward to your next one, for you are such an interesting letter writer, if I am to judge by the only one I ever received from you. You paint such good word pictures."

David kissed the signature over and over again, sobbing in his abject misery.

"O Mary Lois! dear little Mary Lois! How terribly I have failed you."

CHAPTER VII

ANGKOR WAT

DAVID spent some time in upbraiding and despising himself. To think that he who had always held aloof from such places had saturated himself with their atmosphere. He grew to be thankful for his awakening before he had sunk lower, for he had not entered into many of the vices which had been so blatantly before him. He felt, even though he had not actually engaged in them, that he had blackened his character by his presence and participation to the extent that he had. He felt the need of help and a steadying influence in his life as he had never felt it before, and resolved at once that he must marry Mary Lois as soon as he had finished his job, for her sweet companionship would make such weakness as he had exhibited in the past week impossible. Her love would compass him about and be his guiding star. "I must make her see it," he said.

Down in his secret heart he knew he needed God, but he was busy persuading himself it was Mary Lois. "If I ever yield to God as Mary Lois wants me to, I know I will have to give her up, and she is my idol and I will not give her up. I must win her for myself," he resolved.

The film of light had faded and all was still. Suddenly in the pitchy darkness and filth he heard a clear shrill whistle. It was Emile. It was the signal they had agreed upon in case of separation.

David answered, but even as he did he feared the sound would never carry above the ceiling. Again and again he answered, sure that his whistle was not being heard. But after a long time he heard stealthy footsteps above him and then to his joy the shrill, clear, whistle again, and this time his answer was heard.

Then they called back and forth, and Emile began to hunt for a way of releasing him. By and by he found a trapdoor, and by the aid of a rope which he had to go away to procure, David climbed out of his foul prison and out into the glaring sunlight. He had been thrust down in the cellar of a deserted warehouse along the canal. Emile had been hunting him for hours after he had roused from his drunken stupor. Emile himself had been in a fight of some kind and had an ugly wound on his head, which had not been attended to. Faithful to the friendship of a week, he had first hunted for his American friend and, knowing something of the ways of the city of sin, he had known in a way where to look.

David, head still aching, called a rickshaw, and together he and Emile, penniless, dirty, bruised and disreputable, made their way back to the hotel. Emile, even though he had in a way been respon-

sible for David's downfall, still had rescued him from probable death, at least from much suffering. David had to ask the hotel clerk to pay the rickshaw men and the clerk, with an amused look, said nothing, but complied.

David insisted upon Emile sharing his clothes, and soon they were both decently clothed and clean. David then sought out a doctor, who at once ordered Emile to the hospital. Emile refused point blank. He had no money and no friends and he could not afford hospital treatment, but David overruled and Emile, really in a bad way physically, was taken to the hospital and David returned to the hotel.

Upon his arrival he was greeted by an American gentleman, who introduced himself as a Mr. Lambert of the Alliance Mission, who said he had been in several times to see him but had always been unfortunate in not finding David in. He said Mr. Lannell had told him of Mr. DeMott's stay in the city and asked him to call.

David felt so wretched physically and morally so smirched that he was almost rude to Mr. Lambert, but finally his innate courtesy came to the rescue and in the end he told Mr. Lambert about Emile's injury and asked him to visit him at the hospital, as he himself was leaving for Pnom Penh almost immediately. Mr. Lambert promised to do so, and upon taking leave of David asked, "Is it well with thy soul?"

David flushed and replied, honestly, "Not so well." "I would like to call your attention to Christ, the Son of God, who wants to be your friend and who sticketh closer than a brother," said Mr. Lambert.

"I know," said David, "but I am living my own life; I choose to do so."

"The time may come however when you would like to have someone more infallible at the helm. Remember this Friend and do not wait too long," said Mr. Lambert.

His voice was so kind, his manner so courteous and his evident sincerity so real that David could not resent him, but found himself thanking Mr. Lambert warmly.

David would have liked to have made the trip to Pnom Penh in some romantic, fantastic way, by royal elephants or creaking ox-carts, but he was feeling so wretched after his week in Cholon that he was glad to go by motor the whole distance, taking only a matter of fifteen hours from Saigon through Pnom Penh, and then on to Angkor Wat, the wonderful ruins of that civilization, centuries before, of the Khmers.

He could have gone the other way, by wandering sampans through forest-covered isles, or by the services of the Messageries Fluviales, or along the road as a pilgrim, as did Loti long ago, begging shelter from priests, but David had no fancy for

the discomfort even though the romance appealed to him.

It was already dusk when David reached Seimreap, and not long afterward he was comfortably spending the night at the sala or government bungalow. The long ride through fascinating scenery, even though the heat was stifling when the motor stopped, had been refreshing to him. He spent a restful night and arose in the morning greatly refreshed, resolved to forget his week in Cholon, if possible. He wondered how he could have wandered so far along the downward path, forgetting that one cannot stand still in life, and after his days of instruction in the most wonderful Bible conference he had ever been in touch with, he had not realized that he must either go forward in this truth new to him, but tested and tried, or he would slip further down in his scale of living. Truth rejected, God's opportunties for knowing Him better spurned, can never leave the soul where it was before, but David was not willing to admit this. The messages he had heard had reached his heart and had called to him to walk with God.

A good macadam road led in a circuit through the grounds by the various temples through forty kilometers of tropical forest. As David rose in the morning and went out to get his first look at the ruins, separated only by a road and the old moat, the gray towers of the ruins, touched by the rising sun, gleamed like polished silver. The reed-covered

moat was set here and there with beautiful water-lilies. It was indescribably beautiful, and David with his beauty loving soul gazed long and thoughtfully at this dream city in ruins.

After an early breakfast he started out in the car with other guests and as they sped along wild peacocks, pagoda-cocks, and parakeets flew up, filling the morning with raucous sound. The road wound in and out for miles among temples, gateways, stately and majestic, terraces, basins, palaces and trees, which were passed in confusing array. Angkor Thom, the ancient city, was larger than Rome in the time of Augustus. Then it was swallowed by the forest. Now after centuries it is being reclaimed from the forest bit by bit. Huge banyan trees, decorated by lovely orchids, border the driveway. David enjoyed the sights of the ancient city but grew tired of the other tourists and their constant talking. So the next day, taking with him a guide who could drive the car, he went exploring himself and made copious notes for the articles he expected to write. The third evening he went with a crowd of others to see a dance in front of one of the temples. The dancers, arrayed in fantastic and symbolic array, swayed in the flickering torchlights to weird chants. David became tired of it all and wandered off alone in the forest and, finding an old building, climbed the steps and walked at will through long corridors. Bats flew about him with their wild cries and a

stifling stench filled his nostrils, but he hardly seemed to notice them so intent was he on sinking himself into the atmosphere of the Khmers of old. He forgot time and place, and when finally he came out of his dream he found he was lost and knew not which way to go to find his party. They had gone and he was alone with the deserted ruins. Did I say deserted? No, they were filled with innumerable sounds, shadows and creatures, and not the least were the mosquitoes which rose from the ground and attacked him fiercely.

It was nearly morning before David found the humble abode of some priests and was taken in for the remainder of the night. When he returned to the hotel with his copious notes, he felt utterly tired out and went to bed. He awoke with a high fever, which he tried unsuccessfully to throw off and failing, returned to bed, taking quinine as he had been instructed to do.

Feverish as he was, he wrote to Mary Lois. He had promised her a description of the ruins and he longed for her unutterably. He felt the need of comfort and took a measure of comfort in pouring out his heart to her upon the written page. He probably would not have been so ardent had he waited until the fever had left him, but he wanted to make her see that he needed her. He realized always his attitude had been that of demanding what he wanted, but now he must make her see that he really needed her to help him live the life he

should live, and he revealed more in his letter than he meant to.

"Dearest Mary Lois," he wrote, "I shall fulfil my promise to write you about these beautiful ruins and then I have more to say.

"We entered the gateway so large that the emperors riding in their howdahs on elephant back could easily pass through. We were greeted with stony smiles, as four huge, human, lotus-crowned countenances, facing the four points of the compass, laughed down upon us.

"On each side of the avenue giants in stone were holding up a monstrous snake with a fan-like seven-headed head. All about lay stone arms, legs and bodies and portions of the snake. As our ponies passed on we came to a great cathedral or temple of heads. Fifty towers arise in the air, each tower having four faces. These faces are eight feet in length and stare at you stonily. For years they were thought to be the face of Brahma, but now most students believe them to be representations of Siva.

"I wonder if these people loved or feared their god most. They spent lots of thought upon him, at any rate. His image is even on the stones picked up by the roadside.

"The Elephant Terrace with its long wall and sculptured elephants, ponderous and dignified, have been marching thus for a thousand years. Birds with bodies of tigers support the corners and stand

on guard at the steps. The terrace of the Leper King, crowded with numerous stone personages, looked chill and forbidding.

"There are buildings galore, basins, temples, terraces, fascinating and wonderful in work, but none interested me more than Angkor Wat with its five towers and its near-by wooden house, raised above the ground, in which dwell the priests of the saffron colored robes. I saw this palace in daylight and at night and it was at night this sleeping monument of a departed people seemed to come alive and I could seem to see something of the magnificent life of those days a thousand years old. I seemed to see again the royal elephants, the dancing girls with flower decked hair, the sacred fire carried by the priests, and palanquins gay with beauty, as they were seen hundreds of years ago by Tcheou Ta-kouan, the Chinese ambassador whose records of his visit make these ruins to live again.

"I enjoyed these ruins, but perhaps I enjoyed more the ruins of near-by cities where they are still jungle grown. Prah Khan, outside the northern walls of Angkor Thom, is where the 'green tropical gods' have been most destructive. My guide told me that these trees, the green gods, or containing the souls of gods, gods filled with anger, were by some thought to be the souls of the ancient Khmers themselves, or at any rate, their gods. Truly the vengeance of the jungle for the defeated Khmers has been very thorough. Here was the

ruins of a vast temple dedicated to Siva. There were four great doors and concentric galleries, three in number, each like the other, guarding the sanctuary for centuries. The towers were more numerous than Bayon at Angkor Wat. You can imagine the pomp of the past, Mary Lois. The gilded towers, shrines lit by the flare of the sacred lights, the dancers, the saffron robed priests (for some way I think the saffron colored robes of today have been handed down from that past), priests, dark visaged with the red mark of Siva, all color the picture of those ancients.

"It is interesting, Mary Lois, very much so, but somehow the zest has gone from my work. I no longer have that carefree enjoyment of life and living. Something is missing. I need help, steadying help, help to keep always before me the best and highest in life. I have learned that I am pitifully weak. Mary Lois, I need you. You need not fear you will have no mission work to do if you marry me. Surely if you keep me in the straight and narrow way you will be doing your God's service.

"Do not refuse my plea longer. I tell you truly, Mary Lois, my beloved, my guiding star, if I am to be what I should be I must have your help, your presence and comfort.

"Write me in your next letter that you see things in this light, else I have no heart with which to go on. I am leaving at once for the trip up the

Mekong to explore Wat Phu. I am going to forget what you have said and I am going to believe that you will write me that you will be mine and I shall hasten to you at once with my work finished and we can then go home together. You won't fail me, darling Mary Lois, will you?

"I am going to believe that you will acquiesce as I go into this trip before me as thoroughly as I can make myself for unless I have this hope of your assent I shall fail utterly. The trip will take quite a little while but at the end will be *YOU* and home. Lovingly, David."

SUNSHINE AND SHADOW

Today the cross seems hard to bear,
God's voice seems very far away.
I am oppressed with toil and care,
And yet I know God's here today.

I know because His word is sure,
He said He never would forsake;
And so I trust His love so pure,
And in this love sweet comfort take.

. . . . . .

Today I'm happy as can be,
I seem to fly on eagle wings,
The sweetest joys have come to me,
My heart with gladdest rapture sings.

I see God's face, I feel His hand,
His touch seems very real to me,
I seem to sense the Heavenly band.
What joy, what rapture there to be.

'Tis thus God sends us sun and shade,
He knows we could not stand the light
To shine undimmed and never fade
Until we enter Heaven bright.

And so He tempers to our strength
The sunshine and the darkened shade.
And yet through all the breadth and length
Of life, His love will never fade.

He's just as near in shade or pain,
As He is in the bright sunlight.
And so I trust Him, 'tis not vain,
And He imparts His strength and might.

CHAPTER VIII

UP THE MEKONG

DAVID sent the letter off and resolutely set about the enjoyment of his trip up the Mekong. He went to Pnom Penh to prepare for the trip.

Here he found an interesting fete being held. A monument to the soldiers was being unveiled and the government had invited tribespeople from the other districts to come in and have part in the festivities. Among these people were about thirty Pnongs living in the deep forest many kilometers away. They attracted a great deal of attention, for they were savages, nude for the most part, although they had been given bright red cloth for a covering for this occasion. This cloth they wound about their heads, draped across one shoulder and down under the other arm. David thought they much resembled the American Indians. Long black hair worn in a knot at the neck, ears pierced, with round sticks of wood an inch in diameter stuck through the hole in the lobe of the ear, gave them, together with the rest of their apparel, a disgusting appearance. He found they were wild and untamed, and that many white men who had gone among them had lost their lives. Their arrows are treated with a deadly

STATUE OF THE OLDEST LIVING MONARCH, KING SESOWATH, OF CAMBODIA. SEEN IN THE PARK AT PNOM PENH.

A BUDDHIST TEMPLE.

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poison and anyone hit by one rarely ever lives. The best French chemists have thus far been unable to find anything to counteract it. Their religion is a mass of superstition.

David was at once attracted by their primitiveness and half formed a resolve to make a trip among the wild, untamed tribes when he had finished his assignment for the magazine.

At about seven o'clock the next morning he boarded a little boat for the first part of his trip up the Mekong. There were no chairs on deck and David, a bit disgusted, took his place on the deck floor among several races of people. He thought he was going to be the only representative of the white race. At the last minute a white man and his wife, both young and interesting looking, and a Cambodian, came hurriedly on board and they too took their places, sitting on deck among the conglomeration of races. David was curious, as who would not be? and after a brief response to their cordial greeting he found he could scarcely keep from watching their every movement, as were the native peoples about him.

After a short time they began to open bundles, which turned out to be books, and to show them to the people sitting nearest them. At once the Chinese and Annamese became interested, but not until the Cambodian attendant began to explain a bit and talk conversationally with them, did the Cambodians become interested enough to show

their interest. Then money began to exchange hands. These queer and interesting people were actually book agents and, strange as it seemed to David, the selling became brisk and the late comers had a busy time selling their wares.

"Rather wonderful book agents" thought David, watching their proceedings. By and by the selling ceased and then the white man, whom some way David felt sure was an American, began to talk and for over an hour he held his audience spellbound. Then David knew without being told that they were missionaries. No one could talk like that in that pleading tone, with that shine upon the face unless he were a missionary. He had been with missionaries long enough to catch that radiant shine in their lives and faces and to recognize it here in these different surroundings. Yes, and those books they were selling were the portions of Scripture he had heard them talking about in that conference which seemed to David so long ago. All about the boat folks were reading these Scripture portions and were coming over and over again to the man and his wife and asking questions.

When they seemed less busy David went over to them, introduced himself, and found they were Mr. and Mrs. Harmon, and belonged to the same mission that Mary Lois did. They took him at once as one of themselves and talked to him as if he too were as much interested in the salvation of these souls as were they. Finding that he was going up

the Mekong for some distance further than they, they insisted that he join their party for as far as they were going and David felt drawn to them. Their radiant faces had such a drawing power. They were bound for Kratie, but were interested in reaching as many people along the way with their Gospel story as they could. David, feeling a bit lonely and more than a little dissatisfied, attached himself to their party. They were told that they could change boats at Krauchmar and reach Kratie about ten o'clock the next morning, and this they planned to do.

Arriving at Krauchmar long after nightfall, they found a small Chinese boat waiting. It was already crowded with passengers. The deck was a conglomeration of sleeping passengers, bedding, furniture, chickens and food. The pilot was finally prevailed upon to sell his bed mat at a profiteering price and after much persuading an old Cambodian woman was induced to move over and let Mrs. Harmon have space in which to spread her mat, and there, with a can of Nestle's sterilized milk for a pillow, she slept or rested until morning. The men did not fare so well, but David never forgot the beautiful way in which these two cultured people and their Cambodian helper took these inconveniences. They seemed on a happy picnic. All night the boat stayed at the dock, pulling away in the very early morning hours. All the hours following whenever an opportunity presented itself

these three were selling and giving out portions of Scripture or talking about the Gospel or answering questions, "as if they were working for wages," thought David. They even pressed him into service. Some of the natives along the river banks as the boat drew in here and there seemed frightened of these strange people with their books. One group grew panic stricken and ran in fright when David attempted to get a picture with his camera. "It's a gun" one of them yelled in warning and they ran pell mell.

At three that afternoon they arrived at Kratie, and David planned to spend the rest of that day with them. A heavy thunder shower seemed imminent. The sky was leaden gray, the rain began to fall and the wind blew a gale. To add to the interest of the strange scene a queer phenomena occurred. A tree quite plentiful there has on it pods filled with a kind of cotton which is used for pillows and mattresses. These pods were dry and had already burst open. The ground beneath the trees was white. The wind increased in strength and as people ran for shelter the Harmon party stood on a porch and witnessed an unusual sight. The wind caught up the cotton, whirling it in the air far and wide over the river and over the land, giving the semblance of a real snow storm. Others than the little party witnessed the sight, for exclamations of appreciation were heard on all sides.

After a cleansing bath and clean garments the

little party, each with their quota of books, started out on their tour of the village. They first visited the Chinese, for no matter where one goes in Indo China, he always comes in contact with large numbers of Chinese, for they are the merchants of Indo China, and it is through the printed Word that the missionary hopes to reach this class, for they themselves learn the native languages in order to reach the native peoples of this country.

Early the next morning they were off to market, where for two hours and more Mr. and Mrs. Harmon told the Gospel story to all who would listen, and sold their books, in which latter work David helped them. When the market began to be deserted these tireless people went from house to house selling their books. Many bought the books and when the north part of the village was covered they went south. Here Mr. Harmon had a long talk with an old Annamese who had accepted the Catholic religion. He still had his ancestral altar, but instead of having the picture of his ancestor as he would under ordinary circumstances he had there the image of Mary which he worshiped, as do all his class of people. Many Annamese Catholics were found in this part of town, all of whom worship Mary as their mediator between them and God. Of Jesus, the author and finisher of salvation, they know very little but His name. Here the party met Mr. Nou, of the village of Chlong, not so far from Kratie, and Mr. Nou, listening to the

message of the Harmons, became very much interested and invited them to his village and his home that he might have opportunity to hear more of their story and that they might have more opportunities to tell others of the wondrous news of salvation.

The next morning David parted from the Harmons, they going south in Mr. Nou's small motor boat, and David taking a small Chinese boat for his next point north.

David had much time to ponder over the lives and enthusiasm of his new found acquaintances. What is the motive power of such lives? What could make them leave home and comfort and endure so much that must be repulsive to them, and this not only for a few months but for years, and not for a well-earned salary, as in his own case, but for what seemed to him a mere pittance? Indeed he knew all they received was simply enough to live on, and that living contained no luxury and very few comforts, and yet these people bore countenances that indicated perfect peace and a great joy, a look as of found treasure. To David the matter was inexplainable and full of mystery and in his own heart there was a gnawing hunger that he too might have the soul-satisfaction shining out in their eyes and revealed in their words and deeds.

At Khone begins that interesting region called the Region of Four Thousand Lakes. Here the

Mekong, filled to overflowing with the summer rains, floods the lower lands and a large tract of forested land is inundated. Here on an island which is a government outpost, David took the little steamboat Ibis, which was about forty feet long, for his further trip up the Mekong to Bassac.

Time and again the Ibis rammed the shore. Time and again David snatched his valuables to swim ashore if need be, but again and again the Ibis was pushed off the mud-banks and continued her way past forested scenes. A rainstorm fell and, as an aftermath, humidity arose from the river oppressive and laden with tropic aromas.

Along the bank, now and again, Buddhist temples and monasteries appeared, some very primitive, being mere platforms with roofs and huge drums for their ceremonial worship, and here and there waved the saffron colored robes of the inmates.

As the islands became fewer and the way more clear, the Ibis increased her speed. There was less ramming of the bank and David began to take his ease, but alas! too soon, for as he was standing on the small deck talking to the commander of the small craft they were suddenly thrown violently to the deck, and over David rushed the thought that his valuables were in his small cabin. But ere he had time to right himself he was pulled to his feet and profuse apologies filled his ears as he was told that the man at the wheel had been smoking opium and had gone to sleep.

It ended in David being carried ashore while the men labored neck deep in the water to get the Ibis free. He was armed with his letters of introduction to the governor of Bassac, to which place they had arrived at the time they rammed the bank and David had been flung headlong to the deck.

The little one-street town of Bassac, far in the interior on the banks of the Mekong, was full of curious sights. David was also a curious sight to many of the inhabitants who crowded out to see him walk along the street.

After seeing the governor and securing his permission to explore Wat Phu, the ruins of which was a half day's journey away, David secured ponies and a guide and set forth. His journey through Laos-land was full of new sights. The houses of the country people stood among palms, being bare structures high on log foundations, comprised for the most part of one room and a porch. The roof had hooked corners and was high-pitched.

Part of the time he rode through a drenching rain, then again the sun shone clear and the rain-cleaned landscape and foliage shone green and new.

As David and his small retinue of attendants neared Wat Phu they passed the ruins of a terrace and then a lake in what remained of an old tank. The banks of the artificial lake showed remnants of the old stone coping.

The remains of an old stone causeway showed for awhile, then disappeared in the overgrowth of

vegetation. Beyond rose the mountain, with irregular patches of ruined stairways showing here and there through the green foliage, and on a natural plateau up on the side of the mountain called Lingparvata, stood the ruins of the ancient temple, facing eastward.

Along the approach to the stairway were balustrades of stones of indistinct Nagas. The many-headed cobra had five heads instead of seven as did the Nagas of Angkor Wat.

Remains of sunken gardens on either side of the causeway were distinct. At the end of this overgrown causeway on each side was a ruined temple. Vine-covered piles of gray stone were all that remained of once proud towers. All about were blue dragon-flies and hordes of other insects humming hither and yon.

The gateway was in good condition and the slabs on each side were beautifully carved. The outer wall of the temple was six feet high and three feet thick and was so close to the temple wall as to give one the feeling of oppression. As in the ruins of ancient buildings in so many parts of the world the stones were so constructed and shaped that they fitted together without cement and had held their places for centuries. The rooms of the temple were roofless. The walls of the courtyard were covered with carvings of human beings. Some of the panels were beautiful examples of filigreed

work. Above the doorway was a seated figure of Buddha.

Above loomed the first flight of the enormous stairway, so steep where it began between stone Nagas that it seemed thrust almost perpendicularly into the air. David had to pick his way along the steep, grass-grown steps until he reached the natural level, high above where the main ruins lay hidden in green vegetation. And behind him rose a cliff, green clad and perpendicular, seemingly reaching to the sky.

Vivid greens, shining leaves of the banana plants, foliage rich and riotous, covered and shielded the wreck of the once proud temple.

The face of the building contained three carved doors, the middle one being lower than the other two, and a huge image could be seen through it. Over the door was the image of a god seated on an elephant having three heads, and above this a mass of crumbled stone which had once been a tower. The three doors led into three passages parallel to each other. Inside the middle door-way, David saw the huge image ten feet high with three Buddhas of lesser dimensions sitting in front of him. They were covered over with gold leaf. Their head dresses were spiked, rising to a high point. In front of them were fruit and rice-strewn mats such as one sees in heathen temples in so many lands. Sanscrit characters appeared on a tablet at the right. Doors led out from each side

of this shrine into a roofless chamber behind, and there, high on a vine clad shelf, were numerous small images of wood and stone. Behind this rose the sheer cliff raising its green clad heights dizzily upward. Numerous carvings sprawled on the walls of the building. The curved Apsaras, or servants of the Brahmin, were a little different in details to those at Angkor Wat and yet so similar that they greatly resembled each other. On the outer walls were carved warriors in panels of scroll work scattered here and there still keeping guard after centuries of faithful and immobile waiting.

If anything, David was more interested in this ruin than the one at Angkor Wat. It was less known, at any rate, and David had lengthened his days as long as possible in his examination of these ruins because he looked daily for a letter from Mary Lois giving her definite acquiescence to his urgings, as he felt she surely must. He felt then he would have an anchor that would hold him in the sweep of temptations that surged against his soul as they had seemingly never done before.

But finally he had no excuse to linger longer and still the answer had not come, so he resolved to go further up the Mekong on a short trip and carry further his investigations of the ruins of the interior. However, he had an unfortunate attack of fever on his way up. After a three day attack, during which he took the inevitable quinine, the fever left him wretched and miserable.

CHAPTER IX

DAVID IS LOST

THE next day he started back down the river for Bassac. He engaged a raft which had been built on a long, wide canoe and had a house built of bamboo in the middle, where he could ride sheltered from the sun. It gave him a decided measure of privacy, for there was room on each side for a narrow pathway leading past his little bamboo hut where the coolies necessary for the working of the craft could pass back and forth. His personal boy was the only one who had admittance to his room. Underneath the raft the necessary baggage was stored. It was well that David was as comfortably situated as he was, for again the fever attacked him and did not leave him until he reached Bassac when, weak and discouraged, he found his mail awaiting him. Among the letters he found one from Mary Lois and with hope burning white within him he opened it. It was but a brief little letter and had David known what it cost her to write it, he might have been comforted a little, but he was not well and he had been dwelling upon his own needs and selfishly thinking of himself so that the letter came to him like a blow.

"Dear David," it began. "Your letter has caused

me much prayerful thought and I hasten to answer you, but I cannot answer as you wish. I must definitely tell you, David, that your hope cannot be realized. I cannot marry you. We are told in the Bible that we should not be unequally yoked together, and our union would be unequal, for I feel I must serve God in this land of darkness and you have no calling for such service. Neither of us could nor would be happy in such a union. We must dismiss all thought of it, Davy. Please do not open the subject again. It is quite settled. And, Davy, please do not stop here on your way home. I feel this is for the best. It can do us no good, but only cause us suffering. You will always hold a warm and tender place in my heart; nothing can change that, but that is all that I must permit. I feel this too keenly, Davy, I love Jesus too much, and I fear to grieve Him by thinking longer upon an impossibility. I must be free and clear to go on unhampered in the path God would have me go."

Mechanically David went through the rest of the mail. Mechanically he got his articles off to the magazine, the last of them. Mechanically he arranged his luggage and made arrangements to have it sent down to Saigon. He felt stunned, defeated, wronged, as many another fever-ridden person has. Many a person in the tropics feels as did David in these hours that he was nervously working out what seemed to him a good plan, but in reality it was to cause him a great deal of suffering and cause a

great deal of anxiety to many others; but so wracked was he with the fever that he planned on, little realizing the sad results in his own life and that of others.

Having set his house in order, as one might say, he set out with his Chinese boy for a trip across the land from Bassac to the coast. He was not going to follow a blazed trail either. He wanted to lose himself in the wilds for days, feeling he could best think his problems through far away from his fellow men.

With a little light car and his chauffeur he left Bassac and was soon climbing into the mountainous region to the east and coming into the country of the Moi. After the first night his boy refused to go further, for he had heard of travelers who never returned from among the wild mountain tribes. He heard of villages barricaded against the white man, villages that were hostile to the stranger, and his heart failed within him. David, disgusted with his credulity, sent him back and engaged a guide and means of further transportation from the natives among whom he found himself. Thus he went on, cut off from everything of the past. He seemed always to find some native who understood enough French to understand his needs, and so several days went by, and then a week. Sometimes by ox-cart, sometimes by elephant, David wended his way among the tribes on the Darlac Plateau, sometimes climbing to some inaccessible village on foot. After

a couple of days he was accompanied by a Moi who had been to a government school a couple of years before and knew French fairly well, and David was glad to pay him liberally for his services.

Then the fever began its chilly attack and David, finding shelter in the native huts in the village near by, tossed his feverish way through several days, then, weak and wan, he went on only to be attacked again by the same enemy. With a sort of dulled apprehension, he found his supply of quinine was exhausted and found, too, that his boy had left him. He did not know that hostility to himself had driven the boy away. There was much about the Moi that he did not know and was not likely to know, in his condition, in any pleasant way. Had he consulted authority, he would have been advised or perhaps prevented from going, but the shock of his disappointment had made him reckless and his attacks of fever rendered him an easy prey to melancholy. He was too ill for several days to care much what was occurring, but he was conscious of his lack of comforts and of hostile forms and faces. Fortunately he could not hear the plots surging around him, plots hatched in suspicion of this stranger and of a natural hostility to all strangers.

The Moi inhabit the interior of Indo China and their very name means savage. The Annamese call them "Moi," the Laosians speak of them as "Kha"; both words have the same meaning. They are divided into numerous tribes and subdivided into

numerous families, and all claim a different origin, so that it is with difficulty that their real origin can be determined. Surrounded as they are with the civilized races the Annamese, Chams, the Tai and others, they present themselves for attention because even though having been surrounded for centuries by these races with an old and intensely interesting civilization they have apparently remained untouched.

The Moi are noted for their credulity and loyalty even in their turbulency, and thus are kept under the dominion of their sorcerers, of whom they stand in fear. They have no written language, but here and there are those who have come in contact with their more civilized neighbors and have learned their language. These are principally those who are on the outskirts of the vast tract inhabited by these savages.

Even though the origin of these peoples is obscured by their diverse legends, yet it is known that they are a branch of the Malayo-Polynesians who fought against the Chams at the time the Chams possessed the Darlac Plateau. The Chams, scattered as they are at the present time in small groups here and there, left behind them in those early days very instructive and interesting ruins dating back as far as the twelfth century.

"Le Moi Plateau," or Darlac Plateau, occupies a part of Laos, Cambodia, Annam and Cochin China. The Moi intermarry on the borders of this plateau

with their nearest neighbors and so their languages and customs are intermingled. However, there are three main tribes. The Rade, the greatest in number, are the most intelligent as well; the Pnong, a name derived from "Mnong," which is the name of a great Moi family, live in the west and southwestern part of the plateau; and the Jarai, which are a warlike and powerful tribe, live in the northern part toward Kontoum. Then there are numerous lesser tribes, and their spoken languages are also numerous, so they are classified according to those that show a similarity. In the center of Indo China the dialect used resembles the language of the Chams and has also a large mixture of the Malayo-Polynesian language.

The tribes nearest Cambodia use a large number of words originating in the Cambodian language. The tribes in the mountains of Annam speak a language similar to the Barmar Tribe and seem to be related to the tribes further north. The tribes in the extreme north have distinct dialects more nearly related to the Tibeto-Birman, Tai or Chinese.

But in their mental ability and in their customs these savage tribes seem much alike and certain characteristics are common. The credulity of the Moi, made use of and developed by their sorcerers, enables these sorcerers to obtain from them, because of their superstitions, that which they would not give for the sake of friendship. The Moi can be led, but not driven, and have a certain amount

of pride of race. The Moi is not trustworthy, though he will faithfully remember an offense through years even, and works vengeance when opportunity at last arrives. He will leave the most important work to give himself over to feasting and drinking, which he considers of far more importance. They are lazy and do as little work in providing for their families as possible. They love hunting and often resort to pillaging rather than to work in order to obtain a living. Some tribes are thought to live almost altogether by pillaging. Some of the tribes, however, are more peaceful.

Their religion is the result of superstition. Everything is possessed of a spirit and many natural phenomena are held sacred because they believe them inhabited by spirits. They claim that at one time heaven and earth touched and that thus their progenitors had communication with the Great Spirit of Creation, but that since the separation between heaven and earth occurred the name of this Great Spirit has been forgotten. They have no true sense of a supreme being, for they worship evil spirits as much as they do the Spirit of Heaven, who they believe manifests His anger in rain, thunder, wind and lightnings. However, they worship, with respect, the Spirit that controls the natural elements, as rain and sunshine. They speak often of Po (their name for Buddha) who pretended to be the reconciler between earth and the Spirit of Heaven. God is unknown among the

Moi and this fact does not speak well of Buddhism. Death does not seem to trouble them much. They believe in transmigration. They believe the dead return invisibly if they are not filled with evil intentions, and if they are, they return as a wild beast like the tiger. They also believe that there is a wicked spirit in each person and should he die this evil spirit will wander about the village causing sickness and death. Therefore a person who is sick must hasten to send for the sorcerer, that this wicked demon may be appeased. The sorcerer, if he fails, may blame a number of things for his failure, but sometimes these do not suffice, for more than once a sorcerer has paid for his failure by his life.

The religion of these tribes, like that of the whole of Indo China, is a veritable Joseph's coat of many colors and with all their getting of religion they have not found salvation. They do not know the deeper meaning of the religions they do practise; it is only an outward form with a desire to gain merit.

These tribes, so needy, so far from the truth, made a strong pull on the hearts of the missionaries and the students in the Bible School at Tourane, and they longed for men and money to send up on the Plateau that men might hear of the one true God and His Son Jesus Christ, without whom all religion is in vain. And the Christians in Tourane told the good news of salvation through

Jesus Christ to those they met. Bit by bit the news would spread a little further and those in out districts would come in to attend the meetings, walking or coming by sampan on the river or otherwise, some ten, fifteen miles or more. But that did not satisfy them. The Christians with the joy in their own hearts, kept reaching out and telling others of the wonderful peace that was theirs and ever scattering portions of the Scripture wherever they could. The little group of missionaries had been augmented by a temporary member, Emile, who had become acquainted with Dr. Lambert through David DeMott's efforts when he lay ill in the hospital. Emile, heart-sick, lonely and friendless, had grown to look eagerly forward to Mr. Lambert's visits and his heart hunger at last found peace in Christ. His whole heart turning to Christ had wrought a wonderful work in his life and as soon as he grew strong enough Mr. Lambert sent him to the missionaries in Tourane away from his former associates. Being thankful for the change, he had thrown himself into any share of the work the missionaries had been willing to entrust to him. Little by little he came to know the doctrine and to give out his knowledge to others. He often did colporteur work and this work here in Indo China brings a rich reward, as indeed sowing God's Word does in any continent. "My word . . . it shall not return to me void" is a promise God's children can count on in their faithful sowing of His Word.

Emile was of especial value to the mission for he knew several of the native languages and spoke them fluently, among them being the Annamese language. Of Emile's early life the missionaries knew little, for they never questioned him. It was long ere they knew his last name. They did not know how long he had been in Indo China, but knew it must have been a number of years, and they judged he must be about twenty-five years of age. That his early life had been in a cultured home they were certain, as indeed they were of the fact that his past few years had been a life of which he had few pleasant memories and his testimonies of being freed from a life of sin were glowing and fervid. His joy in the Lord was a thing he could not hide, nor did he seek to hide it.

One great sorrow in his life was his contact with the life of David DeMott and his responsibility for that week in Cholon. After a trip to Hanoi, when he had met and come to know Mary Lois Arnold, he understood more fully why there were some excesses into which he could not tempt David to enter. He knew now why no woman was a lure to a man who held the love and friendship of such a woman.

For almost a year David DeMott had not been heard from. He simply had disappeared from the knowledge of anyone apparently. It was weeks before anyone knew of his disappearance.

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A PRAYER

Keep on, O blessed Holy One!
Stop not Thy work till Thou art done
And I am wholly thine.

Take out the things that grieve Thee so,
Work Thou in me until I show
Thine own dear life in me.

So then, dear Holy One, Divine,
Heed Thou no bitter cry of mine
But work Thou quickly on.

Work till the all that in me grieves
Thee, Blessed One, departs and leaves
A place for Thee to dwell.

CHAPTER X

EMILE'S QUEST

WORD from Mary Lois' parents asking her for news of David and word from the magazine asking the mission of his whereabouts had started investigations, but too late to find any trace of him. The most they found out was from the Moi boy who had deserted him in his sickness in the village high among the mountains, and he asserted that the white man had been sick unto death and had died. Official questioning of the villagers led only to the reply that the sick man had recovered and had gone on his way. Search as they did, they found no evidence of his death nor any information as to any further act of his life. The investigation was thorough and the officials had come to the conclusion that he had met his death in some way or there would have been some word from him ere this, but they waited on in hopes that some new facts would come to light. Not so long before a Catholic priest had been killed for bringing a new religion among them and they knew the savages were fierce and revengeful. They regretted that Mr. DeMott had ventured among them without advice, as he would not have been

permitted to go had they known of his intended trip along unofficial routes.

Emile had heard enough from David's lips to know he bitterly regretted his departure from the upright path of life in which he had prided himself and he felt perhaps that he had been responsible for his disappearance.

Mary Lois suffered keenly over the whole affair, for she loved David dearly, far more than her own life, and when after waiting and waiting for news of him which never came, she was remorseful over her last letter to him, fearing she had been unnecessarily severe in her statements. But she took the matter to her Heavenly Father in prayer, for she felt she had done His will in writing the letter to David and surely it could not have this dreadful result. Over and over in her prayers for David's salvation she had prayed that God might use any means to bring him to a full surrender to Himself and that he might come to know the "joy of the Lord," and then David had dropped from sight.

The other missionaries had prayed for him too. The mission did all they could to help trace him, but had failed and finally to only Mary Lois and Emile did any hope remain that he might possibly still live. This was not because of any evidence known or heard of, but because of an inner hope that would not perish. Over Mary Lois had come a sweet experience of that "peace that passeth understanding" as she rested the whole matter in

God's hands, praying always that God's highest and best will be done. Ever she prayed that some news of David might come to them, but most of all that he might be saved no matter what his condition might be.

One day as the native pastor sat in his office at Tourane he received a visitor from a village forty-four kilometers away. This native had heard the Gospel, had purchased portions of the printed Scripture, and had believed. Not only had he believed but he had told others of his new found knowledge and others had become interested and wanted to know more of this soul satisfying religion. After the missionaries consulted together it was decided that Emile and the native pastor should make a trip and tell these hungry people more about the Gospel, so they set off in a rented automobile. The road was good, for Indo China has a surprising number of good roads, and these two soon found themselves in the village where the Ong Xa's home had been made ready for services. Many were gathered to hear the Gospel and the two were invited to go into the near-by village and tell the story to others. This they did. They were served with a well-prepared Annamese meal, which included silk worms for dessert. The whole day was a day of joy to Emile, and he became more and more interested in carrying the news of full and free salvation to these mountain people. He began to have something of the same burden for

these souls as had the native pastor. There are thousands of the Moi without a saving knowledge of the Gospel, some not far from Tourane and others in the mountain fastnesses. This trip was the beginning of other trips to the mountain people and many and varied were their experiences. The further they went from Tourane among the Moi the more unaccustomed were the people to the sight of these white people and the more the women and children especially feared them.

One day reaching a village, after passing a number of barricades, they reached the guest hall, a low hut made of bamboo in which the chief was seated. As this chief knew the Annamese language it was an easy matter to hold conversation with him. At first the chief, fearing they were tax collectors, was not very cordial, but when they assured him they were not he became more friendly.

When asked what religion he followed he replied that he accepted no religion, that he worshiped only the heaven and earth.

"But do you not worship God who made the heavens?" asked the pastor.

"Oh, He is too far away, we cannot see Him and do not know Him," replied the chief.

"What about death?" was the next question.

"We take the corpse out and heap stones over it," answered the chief.

"What about the soul?" asked the pastor.

"It goes to hell," calmly answered the chief.

"Have you heard of no other place?" questioned Emile.

"No," he replied.

Then both Emile and the pastor told him of God's great love for sinners and of Jesus who came to pay the great price for our salvation, and of life eternal in heaven with Him. The old chief caught the glow from their lives and faces and said he wanted to know more of that heavenly place. He was deeply interested and begged them to come back again and tell them more.

It was on one of these trips with a student preacher from the Bible School at Tourane that Emile came across what he felt might be an important clew. He wore a watch fob of a peculiar design and in one of the most distant villages he found a youth from the interior who was much interested in it. At first Emile thought it was the peculiar design that appealed to the lad, but when the interpreter spoke to the lad at Emile's request he simply said he had seen the image of that God before. Emile thought nothing of it at the time, but later he remembered a gift he had made to David during their week in Cholon. It was a watch fob he had had made from jade according to his own design. David had admired a similar one that Emile had had made some time before for himself and this had caused Emile to have one made like it for his friend. Emile now began to wonder if it might not serve as a clew to finding out what had

become of David. He endeavored on a second trip to find the youth and inquire more closely about the ornament in which he had seemed so interested, but found he had departed for his home in the interior. The Christian friends in the village promised to find where the lad lived if they could and to get him to come and see Emile so when the next trip was made he might have more definite information or know where to secure it.

The next week the yearly conference of the mission was again held in Tourane, and again with great blessing to the missionaries, to the native helpers and Christians. Many and varied were the encouraging reports of those freed from the opium habit, from sins of all kinds and from sicknesses, all in answer to believing prayer. To Emile it was a wonderful time, such as he had never known before.

One day he told Mary Lois of the little clew he felt he had come across and, faint as it was, it gave them both courage to think they would through it find some news of David.

Immediately after the Conference, Emile, with a Moi Christian, started on a long itinerating trip among the interior tribes. The friends in the village who had promised to find the whereabouts of the lad for Emile had failed to secure the boy, but had learned the direction and that his home was a distance of several days away. Emile and his com-

panion set out at once, preaching the Gospel as they went. Rugged mountains and hardships of all kinds beset their path. More than once they came upon the fresh tracks of the tiger, but they were wonderfully kept through it all. The further they went the more they were regarded with superstition and hostility. Women and children ran shrieking from their path, fearing the foreign devil, but always there seemed to be someone who had heard of the Gospel story and wanted to hear more of it, and through this interest they were permitted to stay and tell their good news to the hungry one while others listened, out of curiosity, and came to be interested themselves. Ignorant as they were, it required the most simple teaching to make them understand that they had a soul to save and that God had provided a way of salvation. It was wonderful to see faces and hearts light up as the divine truth crept in and they saw the wonderful plan of salvation, and that it was for them, without money or without price.

Then one day on the outskirts of a listening crowd Emile saw the lad who had spoken of his jade watch fob, but the minute he saw Emile had recognized him he disappeared, and although he and his helper sought to find out about the boy they met with no success. Evidently the lad had heard of Emile's inquiries and feared some evil would befall him.

Keeping on telling the Gospel, ever on the look-

out for the slightest clew to the whereabouts of the boy, they came in time to a village where a number of the Moi crowded about the visitors and seemed more interested in his unique watch fob than in the story he was trying to tell. At once Emile became alert and told his helper in French of his desire that he should find out, if possible, why they were interested in it. But questioned as they were, they either were too stupid to understand, or feigned stupidness, and seemed to feel great hostility toward their visitors. Emile decided to stay right there until he found out something more regarding their curiosity, and so he remained several days.

Finally one young man who had listened most intently to the Gospel story came to them secretly and told them what he knew of the subject interesting them. He told them his life would be in danger should it be found out that he had told, but he felt that he should tell. He wanted to go away with them and attend the school where he might learn more about the God of whom they told. So he told them that it was known among his people that some months before a white man had been brought to a village high on the mountain which was almost inaccessible, and had been kept prisoner there. At least he had still been there some six weeks before, for he had been there and seen him. He had among his meager possessions an ornament just like the one Emile had. They thought

it was his God and were afraid to touch it or him, but he said the man was sick and weak and might not be living now. He could not tell.

HIS PRAYER

He prayed for me, the Blessed Jesus,
He prayed for me before the cross;
He prayed that I might have His Glory
Be one with Him, nor suffer loss.

My heart doth praise Thee, Blessed Jesus,
For that sweet prayer that took me in:
The prayer you made for all believers,
Who would be free, through Thee, from sin.

—John 17:20.

CHAPTER XI

THE CLEW

AT ONCE Emile's mind rushed to the belief that this was David, and he set to work at once to plan his further investigations. Without divulging to anyone what he had learned, he and his helper started in the direction of the high village. The people sought to turn him aside, but he pressed on amid increasing hostility. Had it not been for the Moi Christian accompanying him he would doubtless have failed in his plan, but ever the humble Christian told his people of the love of the white people of God for their dark-skinned brethren and of their desire to bring to them good news, so that the hostility never broke out in such a way as to hamper their movements entirely.

At last, passing barricade after barricade, the high and almost inaccessible village was gained. Here the hostility was more marked and Emile boldly stated his wish to find the stone like the one he wore and offered, what seemed to the villagers, a fortune in money. He did not realize that in offering this money for the mate to his fob but made the natives feel that the one he had was also a fortune, and so very desirable. He did not know that these people lived mostly by pillaging and that

by letting them know he had the money to pay for the stone he was rendering his own life in danger.

The villagers crowded about covetously, looking upon him and the few possessions he had with him. Mr. Thua, his Moi helper, told again the Gospel story, and again there were those who seemed particularly interested, but for the most part greed was uppermost in the minds of his listeners and it was to this fact that he owed the discovery that came to him. The villagers held a heated discussion in one of the huts that night after Emile and Thua had retired to the hut set apart for them. Thua was rather suspicious and wanted to investigate further, but Emile opposed such a move, at least till later in the night. Finally his waiting was rewarded, for out of the stealthy night and into the hut crept a dusky form bearing in his hand the jade watch fob, and there on the back of it was David DeMott's initials, which removed all doubt from Emile's mind as to the fact that David's disappearance might be solved.

Though Thua did not wholly understand the dialect of this people, the man before them knew the Moi dialect that Thua knew, so Emile began through Thua to ply the man with questions. What Emile and his helper did not know was that this man was a chance visitor to the village and had resolved single-handed to get from the strangers all the booty he could without causing any commotion. So while the villagers were still in conference as to

ways and means, to obtain by fair means or foul the fortune the young Frenchman seemed to have, he was trying to get it first.

Little by little Emile drew out the news that a white man was held prisoner in a guarded hut. There was a white man, weak and sick, who would soon die and whose keepers would be glad to have their prisoner disposed of in this way. Yes, his hut was unguarded just now because the men were all in conference as to what to do with these strangers so they would not find out about the prisoner, and so they should not escape with all the fortune they had on their persons. Wheedingly the man told his story, hoping for rewards with which he expected to escape before his treachery should be discovered.

Stealthily he led them to the hut and as stealthily Emile crept in and found, on a wretched excuse for a bed, David DeMott hollow-eyed and emaciated.

"Ah, Emile! Am I dreaming as I have so often dreamed, or is it really you?" asked David in a weak voice.

"Bon Ami! Bon Ami!" Emile murmured while the tears ran down his cheek. And it was some minutes before he could calm himself to speak.

Then he would let David speak but little, for he was weak indeed, and thinking swiftly and asking for divine guidance, he outlined a plan for David's

rescue, never doubting that he would be able to carry it through.

What he said gave David a gleam of hope and encouragement and with renewed courage he gave his acquiescence to the plan, marveling much at Emile's low spoken prayers and expressions of trust in God. Then he was left in darkness and weakness, and Emile was gone.

David did not sleep, but lay thinking in his weakness. He did not think of rescue, but he thought of Emile's repeated statement that God had answered prayer and brought them to him.

"Prayer, whose prayer?" thought David. "God! Yes, God!" and then he remembered that in his weakness and hopelessness and utter end of self he had prayed to the God the missionaries had served. Not the cold formal God in whom he had thought he believed, but that warm Heavenly Father that Mary Lois, dear Mary Lois, loved and served, with whom the missionaries talked as with someone in whom they had explicit confidence that He heard and answered prayers. Yes, he remembered now that he had told God he had come to the end of self and if there was anything in him worth saving, that if He would undertake for him in his utter helplessness, whatever of life was left to him should be at God's service. And now over the weak, helpless man swept a wonderful comforting thought. God had thought him worth saving and was doing His part. He was so glad help had come before it

was too late, for he had almost forgotten that prayer in his weakness, so rapidly settling upon him, in the long months of fever and imprisonment.

David dozed and dreamed again, and again he woke to find Emile's pocket Testament in his possession, and knew it was no dream, but that Emile had really been there and was going to rescue him. He wondered dully what he had done with the Testament Mary Lois had given him. He remembered he had felt far too superior to read it and had amusedly laid it away among his things. He had not felt the need of any help then. The world had seemed a good place to live in and he had felt the need of no help from any God.

David groaned as he thought of his conceit and then of his utter helplessness now and in a place where only God could help. Yes, Emile had said that too. He remembered now that Emile had said they were surrounded by enemies on every side, but that when a man had God on his side he need not fear, for God said in His word, "Though an host should encamp against me, my heart shall not fear." All right then, thought David, he would not fear, for he knew God had heard his prayer, and soon restful sleep crept over his wracked body.

Meanwhile Emile and Thua were busy with their plans. The man who had befriended them for the sake of satisfying his greed had undertaken to carry a message from them to the nearest group of Christian Moi. He did it because he was promised more

money; also he knew it would be best for him to be away from the village as soon as possible, and so he was gone ere daylight touched the mountain top. Emile and Thua were not molested that night, and the next day Thua spent in teaching the interested ones more about the great and good and all-present God who had made heaven and earth, and who could save their souls which they had not even known they possessed. It was interesting, and when David's guard visited him he found the jade fob still in its place, for Emile did not want the villagers to know they knew aught of the white prisoner. The Gospel story fascinated them, and so they put off the time of executing their deeds of robbery, for were not these strangers prisoners until they wished to release them? They were closely watched and guarded all the time and knew it, but never let their hosts know they suspected the fact.

Three days crept by and still Emile and Thua were the guests of the village and made no allusion to departure, and some way the villagers felt they could not attack them until they attempted their departure; but as the evening of the third day drew to a close a dozen swarthy Mois came up the hidden and barricaded path and into the village. Their guide had disappeared but a few minutes before with his money, for he knew he dared not present himself in this village again. Emile and Thua greeted the newcomers effusively and introduced

their Christian friends to their hosts, and then one after another of the Mois told of their joy in serving God and invited and instructed the interested ones who had listened to Thua for the last three days. They sang songs and talked the whole night through, even though they must have been weary with their long journey.

As morning drew near black threatening clouds in the west were stormy and seething. They seemed angry and vengeful like an army of evil spirits. They seemed rushing upon them, and the villagers were terrified, but over in the east was the first hint of dawn, just a gleam of light shooting up the sky. It looked insignificant and as though it would be swallowed up in darkness, but lo! as the little band of Christians looked the light increased. The powers of darkness could not overcome the light, and Thua grasped an inner meaning in the parable of nature and told his superstitious audience of the one true Light and His power to overcome all darkness, even as the rising sun drove back the clouds before it and light shone all about them.

"We have come to take the sick white man to his friends," spoke the leader of the group who had come the night before, and silently Emile led them to David's hut amid unprotesting and astonished villagers.

David weakly smiled his welcome and his readiness to go with them and, tenderly laid on an im-

provised stretcher, he was carried unopposed from the village.

By short stages David was carried along the mountain roads, stopping at villages for the nights, but ever going east. They did not allow him to talk, but only to take what nourishment they gave him and to rest. New hope and courage rose in his heart. He found his strength returning and more and more he read Emile's Testament while resting. It was his constant companion. Emile never preached; he simply talked as if David were as much a Christian and believed as much in prayer as he, and David loved to hear him talk and pray. He felt as if his soul were finding home.

At times the mountain paths were narrow and steep; here they crossed a turbulent mountain stream, there on the brink of sheer precipices. More than once the fresh footprints of a tiger appeared, but ever the little band of Christians went on, singing songs of joy and courage, and David realized as he never could have realized in any other way the wonderful difference between the Mois as he had lived among them and these who had the joy of the Lord in their hearts. Then there swept over him the difference in his own life, selfish, self-satisfied, self-sufficient, as he had always felt himself, and then again of how, reaching the entire limit of all of self, he had found God, and such a peace as he had not known was possible. Fragments of that conference of almost a year ago

came into his mind. He wished those Mois back where he had come from had the same thing these Christians had. What a difference it would make in their thieving, pillaging lives! David, clever at languages, had learned both to understand and speak the Moi language.

After days of travel they reached Tourane, and David was tenderly cared for by the missionaries. Cablegrams were sent to America to let them know the lost was found, and then David and Emile declared their intentions of going at once to France. They were urged to stay for the conference, but declined, and were soon taking their departure.

Not once did David write to Mary Lois. She had requested him to accept her word of dismissal and it never occurred to him to do otherwise. He knew his own unworthiness and at last understood the greatness of her high calling and, still loving her, he loved God more and realized that from henceforth his life, his strength and all his efforts were God's and that it was not for him to make plans.

While Mary Lois' heart rejoiced at the good news of the finding of David, of his whole-hearted turning to God, she could not but feel a great longing to see him. But he was gone before she knew he was even thinking of going, before she knew he was able to travel, and she had known nothing of his plans.

She heard of his story of imprisonment, of being

passed from village to village, of his sickness and suffering from the superstitions which had been the outgrowth of the tales told by his personal boy ere he had left his master, these superstitions which had been the means of preserving his life, but which had not been able to secure his release or proper care. The hope had been that he would die a natural death.

Mary Lois again sought comfort from Him who had never failed her since she had given her life into His hands and had experienced His indwelling Holy Spirit. Over and over her mind would dwell on David and a great joy filled her heart that her prayers had been answered and he had found God. Several told her of his personal testimony and the change in his whole outlook on life and of the joy of the two young men in their companionship and fellowship in the Gospel. Emile Mercier had been very happy in finding his friend and in the knowledge that now they both served God. Mary Lois, finding joyful companionship in her walk with the Lord and in giving her life in His service, still prayed on for David, that he might find a life's work for the Master that would be to him what her work was to her, for there is no joy equal to being in God's will.

David and Emile arrived in France, and nothing would do but David must accompany Emile home. Not until Emile reached home and was welcomed back as from the dead did David realize what sal-

vation had meant to Emile. He had been raised in a cultured, aristocratic French family, but by his wild life had been a disgrace to them and he had been cast off. Now after five years of wandering he had returned to them to find himself the sole heir to the family fortunes and the sole caretaker of an invalid mother and two younger sisters. Their joy at finding him so changed, so dependable and so eager to atone for his past was responsible for their ready acceptance and affection toward David.

David soon became aware that Joan, the older sister, was becoming his daily companion and fitting into his every mood and helping him in every way to the rapid recovery of his health and of his pleasure in her company, but he knew very well indeed that only Mary Lois held that place in his heart that a true love can hold and so he told Joan of Mary Lois, of her beautiful face, of her still more beautiful character and of her clear high calling which held her unswervingly in the path of self-denial. Joan could not understand, and because she could not understand his loyalty to a love he could not have, David cut short his visit and sailed for the homeland.

A GIFT RETURNED

Sometimes God gives back our offerings,
When we've given to Him our heart's choice.
He sanctifies wholly our love gifts
When in His blest will we rejoice.

And when He gives back any offering
To a child whom His great love did fill,
'Tis to help us to serve Him more fully
As we walk in His own blessed will.

EVANGELICAL
SCHOOL OF THEOLOGY

CHAPTER XII

DAVID'S CALL

UNCLE DICK, Aunt Molly and Alice gave him the warm welcome his heart hungered for, and no one asked him about Mary Lois. They read her letters to him, as they came, telling of her life and work and her joy in the Master's service and David, writing for the magazines as his strength permitted, grew stronger each day.

"Mother if Mary Lois doesn't want Davy, there isn't any reason why I can't have him, is there?" asked Alice one day as they were speaking of David.

"Only one reason, dear," answered her mother.

"What is that, Mother?" questioned Alice.

"Only that Davy will never love anyone but Mary Lois. He is that kind. Having given his heart's love to her she will have it to the end," answered Mrs. Arnold.

"It isn't fair to Davy. How can Mary Lois refuse him?" stormed Alice to hide her own confusion. "I feel sorry for him."

"Davy seems very happy to me, happy in the Lord. We will leave things alone, dear. God has His own plans for His children's lives and we will do well to keep ourselves out of the way unless He

calls us to help. Davy and Mary Lois are both in God's hands and desire His will above everything else, and so God alone sees the end from the beginning and knows what His plans for their lives are."

"Mother! Do you think they may marry some time? You act mysterious," persisted Alice.

"Alice child, I do not know what God has in store for them, but I do know that we can safely leave their future with Him."

The days and months flew by and David was back to his old strength. He had opened a mission in the poorer section of the city and there had gathered the young boys together. He not only taught them of Christ and encouraged their study of the Bible, but he had rooms where they could gather for clean and wholesome recreation. The boys adored him and bit by bit he interested other men in helping him with the boys whose numbers were so rapidly increasing. He seemed perfectly happy and wrapped up in his work. He never wrote to Mary Lois, but all knew he listened eagerly to her letters which often contained some little happy thought for him. He talked of her, but oftenest he listened in quiet contentment to the others as they talked of her.

He had been home almost a year when he surprised Mrs. and Mr. Arnold one evening by opening up his heart to them.

"Aunt Molly, Uncle Dick, I can't stay away any longer. I wanted to go right back to Indo China

as soon as I got home, but I was afraid it was only my selfish desire to be near Mary Lois and I gave my love of Mary Lois to the dear Lord when I gave myself to Him. I have tried to interest myself in work here, but I have simply got to go back. Don't misunderstand me. It is not to Mary Lois I have to return, but to those Mois among whom I spent so many months. I learned their language. I know perhaps better than anyone else the sin and superstition in which they are bound. I have begun to think that after all God had a purpose in permitting those months of imprisonment, in which the only mental recreation I had aside from memories which at that time I tried to blot out, was to acquire the language of my captors. God gave me the language, I believe now, for a very special purpose, and now I feel I cannot be satisfied until I go back and live among the Moi and lead them to a knowledge of the true God and His blessed son Jesus Christ. I have applied to the mission and have been accepted and will go in a few weeks to Indo China to work among my one-time jailors," explained David.

"Davy, that is a beautiful think for you to do," said Mrs. Arnold, her eyes shining.

"I don't know that it is so beautiful," said David, "but I just must do it. It seems too clearly a natural sequence of His dealings with me. I know that in myself I am not equal for this thing but, you see, I gave up myself and my wishes and

some way self has lost its importance with me. It seems to me that the big thing is to find God's will and do it. Aunt Molly, Uncle Dick, can you know what a joy, a heavenly joy fills my heart in knowing that God, the eternal God, has a bit of work for me to do for Him? A bit that He will let me do for Him, not in my own strength and wisdom, but using me as an instrument He will do it Himself through me. It seems more than I can comprehend with my mind. God has been and is so wonderful to me, and to go forth among the heathen and tell the good news of salvation through the precious blood of Jesus seems to me the most wonderful work in the world. I can at last understand Mary Lois' enthusiasm. I can see how love of Christ transforms the whole outlook on life. The things I once selfishly loved to do have lost their charm for me. I have in my heart a longing, loving ache to please my Lord and Master," said David in clear happy tones.

"Amen," softly said Mr. Arnold. "You've got your call, all right, Davy. Go, my boy, and may God bless you and give you many souls in this blest service. If this sort of thing keeps on in our family Molly and I will have to sell out and go to the mission field too, I'm thinking."

David smiled tenderly upon these two who had been father and mother to him. He left them to go to his loved work in his mission.

He had scarcely gone when Alice came to the

library, telling them she had something to tell them. Of course they welcomed her and then received another surprise.

"Mother, Dad, I've been helping Davy in his mission, you know. I've loved to do the little that he lets us girls do down there. Then we started a little band of girls and had a few hours for them each week when the boys were not using the mission house. I thought of how the other girls were enjoying it too, and there were some others who wanted to help, and there are more than we really needed. June Davis is such a good manager, she knows how to handle the girls best of all, and how to manage us who help her, and I got to thinking that there were so many of us Christians here, and you know how Davy keeps telling us about the heathen in Indo China, and so does Mary Lois. Mother, I can't stand it any more; I've got to go as a missionary. I've got to go, I tell you, but even though I must go, I want to go more than I ever wanted to do anything else," said Alice.

Mrs. Arnold and her husband looked straight into each other's eyes.

"What makes you think you must go dear? Tell me all the things that lead you to think you should go, that God is calling you," asked her mother. "Has Davy said anything to persuade you to go?"

"Davy! I'll say not, Mother! Davy acts like he thinks I am just a child and have to be told what to do. No, I think a lot of Davy, but he doesn't

know I have grown up yet. He won't go out to Mary Lois and I want to go because I believe God would have me go. I could help Mary Lois in her school. I am not a leader, but I am willing to let God use me to help in other folks' work. I love to work with Davy and with those girls down at his mission, but there are so many others, and you know how many millions there are still in Indo China who haven't had a chance yet. Why, there are 20,000,000 people in Indo China, and there is only one missionary to a half million souls. Even though they are training as many native Christians as they can it would take many, many years to evangelize all that number; and even though I would be but a drop in the bucket compared to the immediate need, yet I feel I will only be happy if I offer myself for this work."

"I see, Alice. You too have been alone with Jesus and have felt His great heart-hunger for the lost in the world. Your mother and I will bid you God speed, even though it takes our last child."

"But you will have Davy and Genevieve," said Alice.

"You didn't know then about Davy?" said her mother smiling.

"What about Davy?" asked Alice.

Then Mrs. Arnold told her of David's decision and his soon departure.

"Why, mother, Davy never told me a word. I tried to get him interested in the heathen and I

thought he was never thinking of anything but those precious boys of his. I never dreamed he was thinking of going. Well, there will be plenty for us all to do. I haven't applied to the mission yet, for I wanted to ask you first for your approval, and I suppose it will be several months before I can go if I am accepted. My! but won't Mary Lois be surprised to see us all coming out there. Mother, Dad, you had better come too," said Alice, happy in her parents understanding of her call.

David soon left for the Orient and at last was back in Indo China, full of memories tender and sad. It had already been arranged with the board at home that he was to open work among the Mois as far in the interior as the government would give permission to go, so that David found his plans already known and everyone ready to help him.

Coming back to Indo China so full of different memories, David thought much of those old-time cities overgrown with huge trees; green gods, as some of the natives called them. They seemed to him to typify his own life which had been so overgrown with self and stubbornness that there was no place in his soul in which God could dwell, but now those selfish growths had been uprooted and God's love filled his heart. "The green gods have been cleared from my soul by God's infinite grace" he thankfully said as the return again to this foreign land brought back those memories that were sad and were so closely linked in his mind with his

study of the forest-conquered cities of the ancient Khmers.

Just the sight of the natives when he landed and traveled through the land made his longing to preach the Gospel more intense. He longed to win souls for the Lord more than any personal desire, and he hoped nothing would interfere with his speedy departure into the interior among the Mois who had been his captors and almost his murderers. All repugnance was gone and a great desire to bring them the news of salvation had taken its place.

Before he had left America Mrs. Arnold had made David promise to see Mary Lois and deliver some gifts she was sending. David wanted to see Mary Lois more than anyone on earth but, of himself, he would not have gone to see her at the first; for although he had given his love for her into God's hands he felt that to see her and not call her his own would be humanly hard for him, but he felt that he had not put the test upon himself, and so God would help him.

Upon going to Mary Lois' home in Hanoi where she lived with Mr. and Mrs. Lanning he found them all at home for the lunch hour.

The beauty and sweetness of Mary Lois sent a pang to his heart. She was so dear, and into her clear, blue eyes leaped the old glad love light, just as David feared. These two seemed so made for each other, and yet had given up their great loves

to the dear Lord whom they loved first of all. It was well that Mr. and Mrs. Lanning were present at the meeting, thought David, although he knew and felt God's keeping power. It made it easier to have these two trusted and tried friends to stand by them.

"Davy, I didn't know until last week that you were coming back as a missionary, and I want to tell you how glad and happy I am that you are going to the Mois. I know how happy you are in doing this," said Mary Lois, her face shining with enthusiasm and a love-light that she did not realize was there.

"Yes, Mr. DeMott, it is just as well that you came, for Miss Arnold has been begging us to let her go with a native Christian and his wife and begin a work among those people. Of course we couldn't let her go. It wouldn't be safe for a single woman, and we don't want to send a single man there either, that is, not very much. What we really want, and what would be most effective for the mission, would be a man and wife. The board wrote me that you were coming and wanted to go there, but that they did not approved of your going alone and to keep you here at the coast or Tourane till there could be some arrangement to send someone else with you. I wrote them in reply that I thought when you arrived we might be able to help adjust things. I am sure that you two, who are both so interested in these Mois and eager to do all

you can to help the work, would be willing to consider this problem before us, and so I am going to leave you to discuss it and see what suggestion you can make," and Mr. and Mrs. Lanning seemed to have disappeared without effort.

"Oh, Davy, what could we do?" began Mary Lois as she turned to him, and then found herself in his arms.

"Mary Lois, Mary Lois," he murmured as he kissed her again and again. "I gave you up to the Lord and I didn't mean to do this, but left it all to the Master I love. Tell me dear is this God's way of doing His will for us? Can we make him a gift like that and then have him put it back into our care and keeping? Mary Lois, dearest, tell me," said David, as at last he held her from him.

"Davy, I believe it is all right. I have prayed so much about our lives and His will for us. I, too, gave my love for you to Him and believe He has given it back to me to hold as a gift from Him. He has taken our loves and sanctified them and us, and now we can use them for His glory in His work," said Mary Lois.

"Mary Lois, I believe too that we could glorify God by our union now. My love before was all selfishness. I wanted you for myself, but now you seem too precious. I could hold you as a gift from God and together we could work more effectually for Him whom we love to serve. Let us talk to Him about it," and standing there with his arms

about her he poured out his heart to God in a wonderful prayer, and the Lord blessed them so in that prayer that there was no doubt left in either mind that it was God's will for them to serve Him with united lives, and they were very happy.

Later, seeking Mr. Lanning, David began, "Mr. Lanning, as to that matter of a man and wife for work among the Mois, I think, I believe, I—!"

"That's all right, Mr. DeMott, just when will the wedding be? We want to make some preparation for it," smiled Mr. Lanning.

The days flew happily by as preparations were made for the wedding and plans for the new work among the Mois were inaugurated. The wedding took place in the chapel among the native Christians, Mr. Lanning officiating, and a very impressive and sweetly solemn ceremony it was.

To their joy, the very morning of their wedding government permission had been given for the occupation of a mission station among the Mois, and to David's and Mary Lois' great delight they were to live in the very village where David had been found by Emile. It had happened in this way. Emile's and Thua's preaching had borne rich fruit in that village and a handful of Christians had grown to thirty and they had sent a representative to the mission begging for teachers for their people. So David and Mary Lois felt that this urgent request, with the governmental permission, formed the very best wedding present they could have had.

But perhaps the biggest surprise of all to the happy pair was the arrival of Alice from America in time to be her sister's bridesmaid, and of Emile from France in time to be best man. Alice was to take up the work Mary Lois was leaving and Emile had made the trip for the sole purpose of attending the wedding. His splendid Christian life showed progress and he looked the noble Christian he was. He and Alice made a striking couple, as well as did David and Mary Lois.

Off in the mountain top village, Mary Lois' citadel, as David called it, the new work begun in a vast unreached territory. David and Mary Lois, happy in each other and happy in the Lord, were a joy to the Christians gathered there and a drawing attraction to the unsaved heathen about them.

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